

DELL

NO. 776 10¢

Johnny Mack Brown





BARE FISTS AGAINST SIX-GUNS

When Tom Smith said, "I can tame this town," Abilene's citizens had no idea he aimed to do it with his bare fists. This lawless cowtown was Kansas' toughest community in the 1860's, filled to overflowing with gunfighters and outlaws. People had doubts about this broad-shouldered ex-policeman from New York, but since no one else would take on the town, Smith got the job.

"No guns allowed inside town limits," he decreed. "When you come into Abilene, check your artillery with me!"

Smith began collecting firearms, with quiet determination and without a gun—"Can't expect others to obey the new ordinance if I don't," he explained.

Abilene's toughest character was a gunslick called Big Hank. "No greenhorn'll get my .45 away from me!" he boasted, lolling against a hitchrack across the street from Marshal Tom Smith's office.

When Smith, unarmed as usual, left the office, Big Hank jeered, "Go back East where you came from, sonny!"

Crossing the street, Smith answered him with a hard right to the jaw. Falling back, dazed, Hank reached for his gun. Cuffing the weapon aside, Smith stepped in close for a knockout punch.

The new Marshal of Abilene never had to post another notice. From then on, everybody who came to town went out of his way to deposit his hardware with Smith. For the first time in Western history, a man maintained law and order with bare fists alone!

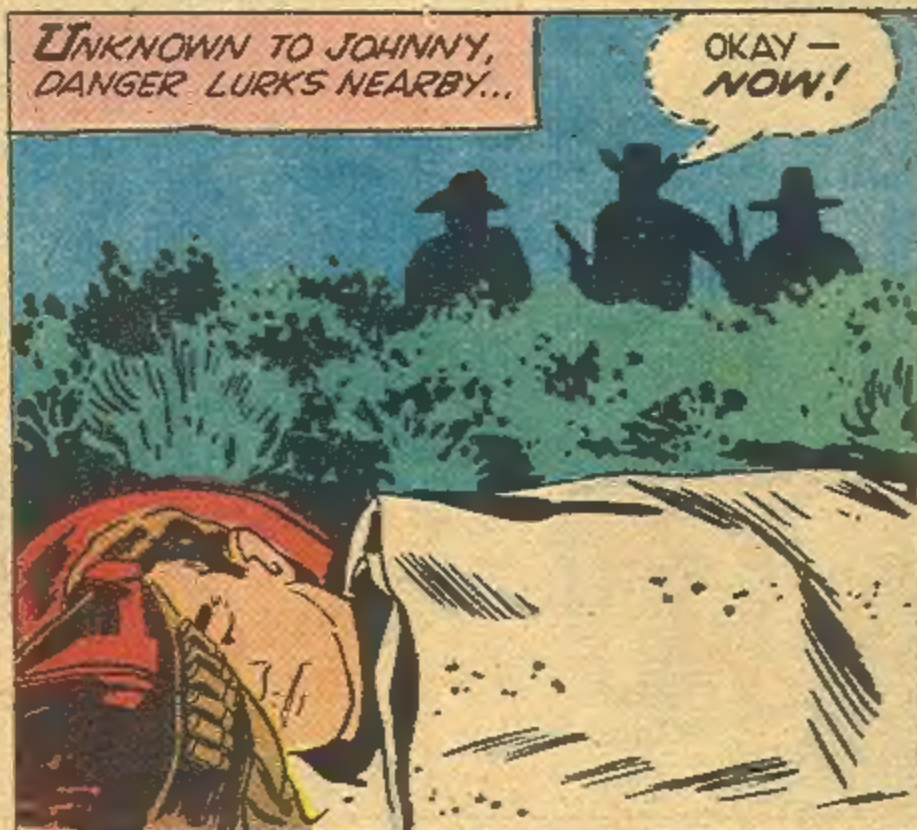


Johnny Mack Brown

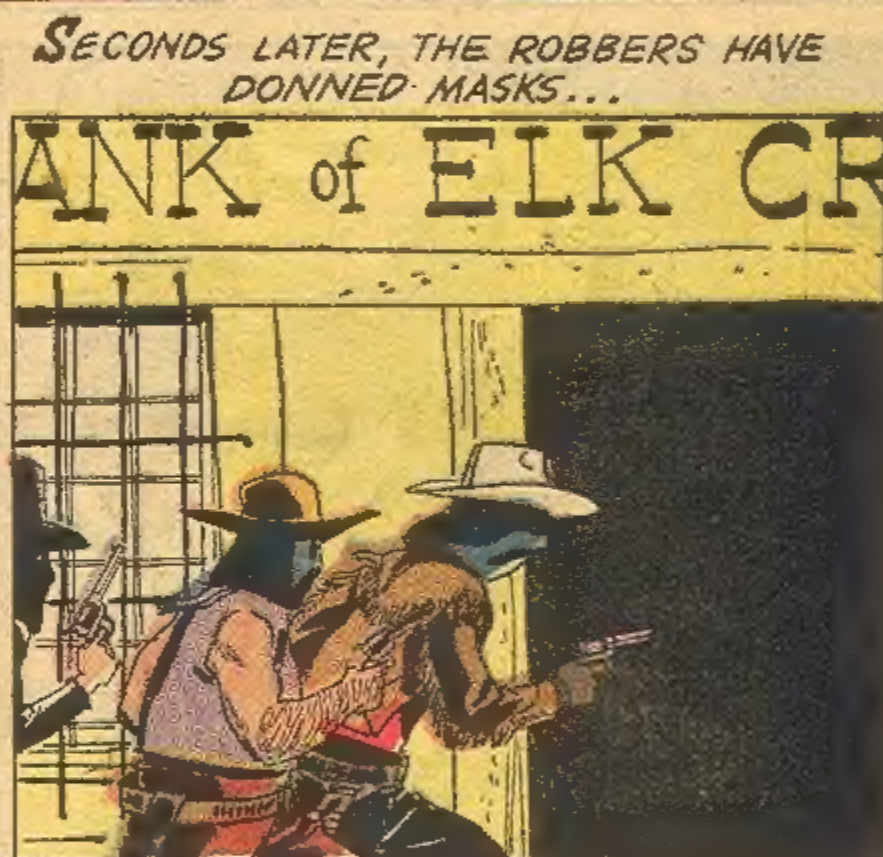
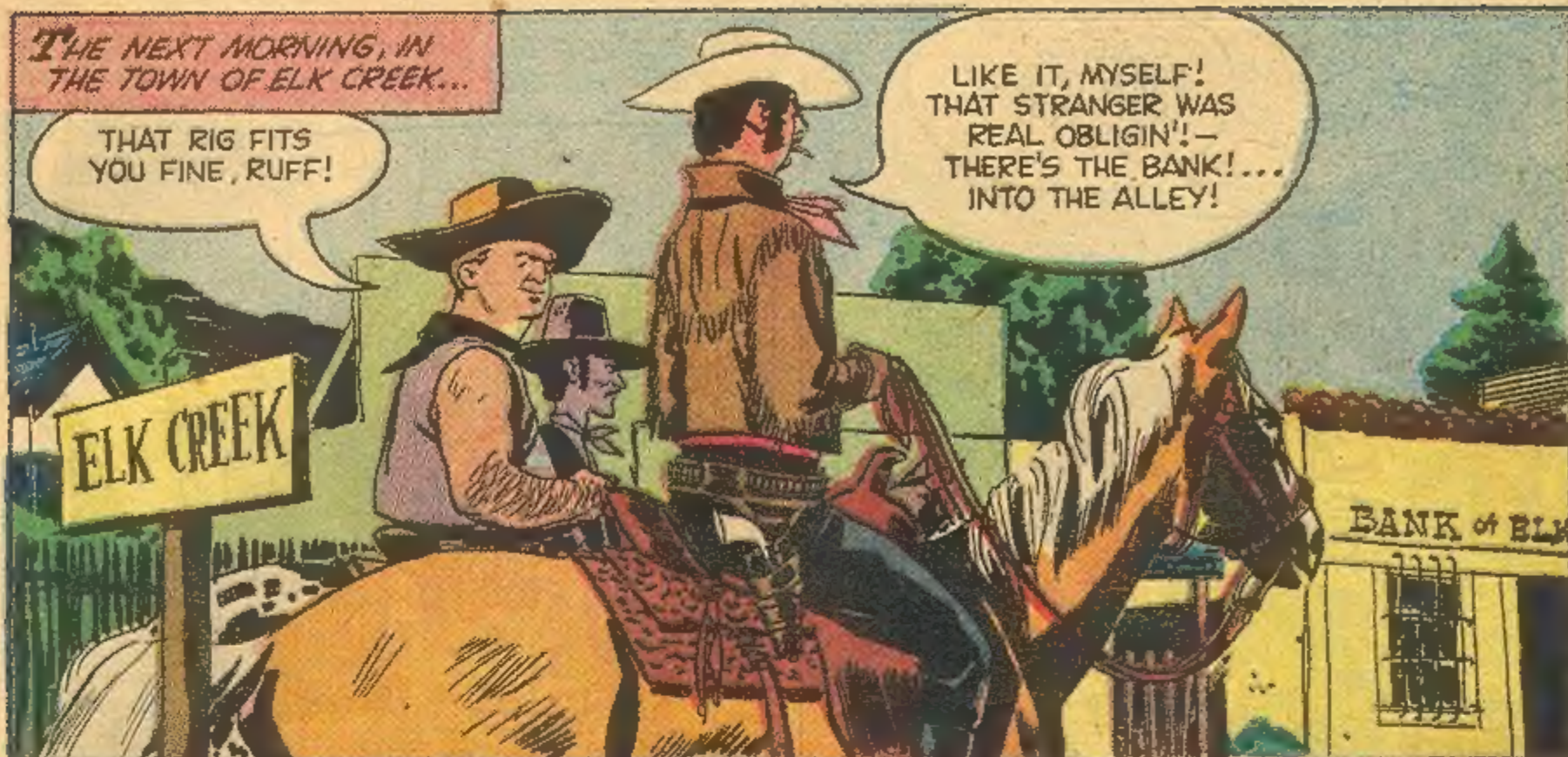
IT IS A WARM DESERT NIGHT
AND JOHNNY MACK BROWN
IS MAKING CAMP...

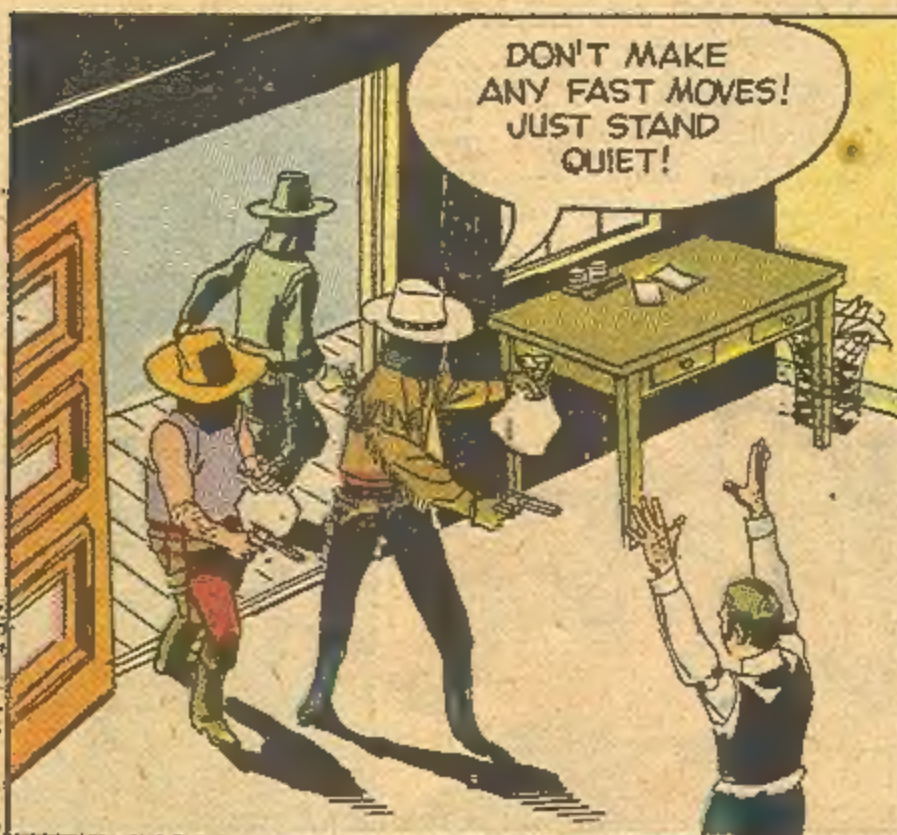
WE MADE
GOOD TIME
TODAY, REBEL!
WE'LL BE IN
ELK CREEK BY
TOMORROW
MORNING!

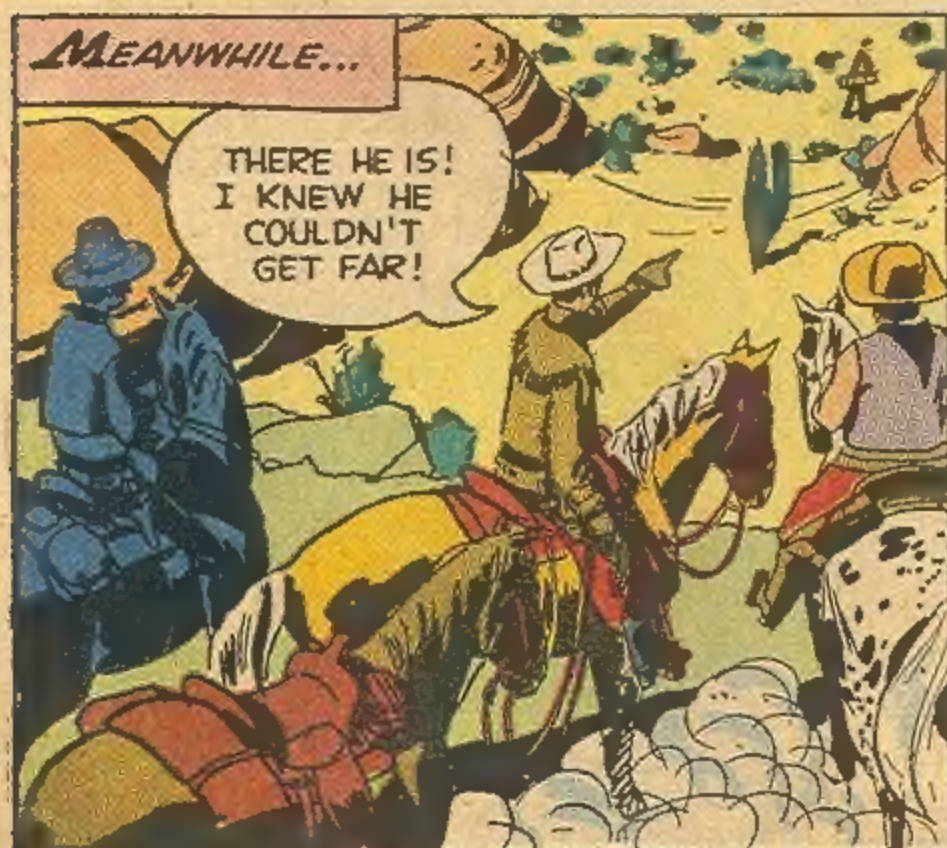
The RIDDLE
ROBBERY













GET ON YOUR MASKS,
BOYS! WE WANT TO
KEEP HIM WONDERING!
— COME ON!



SPEAK OF THE
DEVIL! WHAT
COULD THEY
POSSIBLY
WANT
NOW?



EITHER THEY
WANT MY MONEY
OR THEY'VE
COME TO
FINISH
ME OFF!

WHOA!



WELL, STRANGER! YOU
DON'T LOOK ANY THE WORSE
FOR WEAR! HERE'S YOUR
CLOTHES BACK! — GIVE HIM
HIS HORSE, PETE! — ONLY
THING MISSING IS YOUR
AMMUNITION!

YOU MIND
TELLING ME
WHAT THIS
IS ALL
ABOUT?



JUST A JOKE,
STRANGER!
ISN'T THAT
RIGHT,
BOYS?

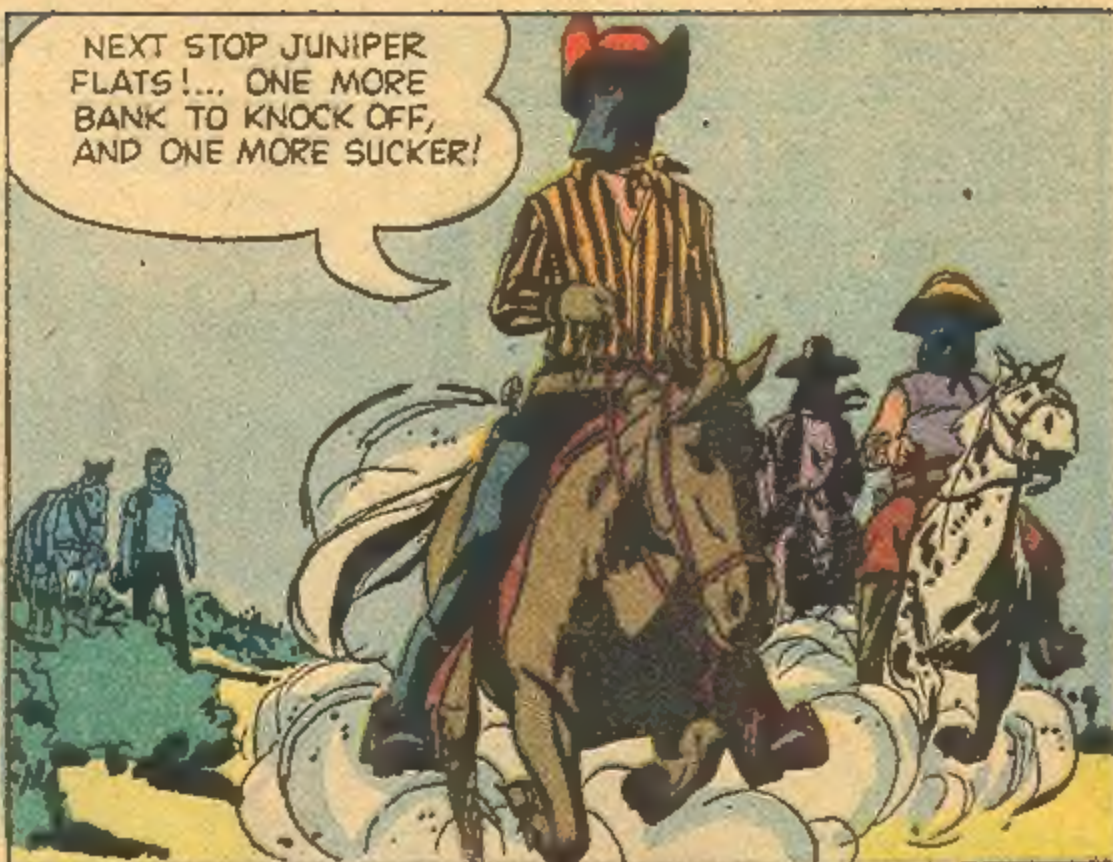
HA! HA! —
SURE,
BOSS!

IF THAT'S
THE CASE,
THEN WHY
THE MASKS?

WELL - LET'S JUST SAY IT'S ALL A HALLOWEEN JOKE!... TOO BAD YOU DON'T HAVE A BETTER SENSE OF HUMOR, MISTER! - LET'S GO, BOYS!



NEXT STOP JUNIPER FLATS!... ONE MORE BANK TO KNOCK OFF, AND ONE MORE SUCKER!



WELCOME HOME, REBEL! WHAT DO YOU SAY WE KEEP ON THE TRACKS THOSE BOYS MADE YESTERDAY? THAT MIGHT GIVE US AN ANSWER TO THIS PUZZLER!



LOOKS LIKE THEIR DESTINATION WAS THE SAME AS MINE - ELK CREEK! I WONDER WHAT BUSINESS THEY HAD THERE?



AT THAT MOMENT, SEVERAL MILES AWAY...

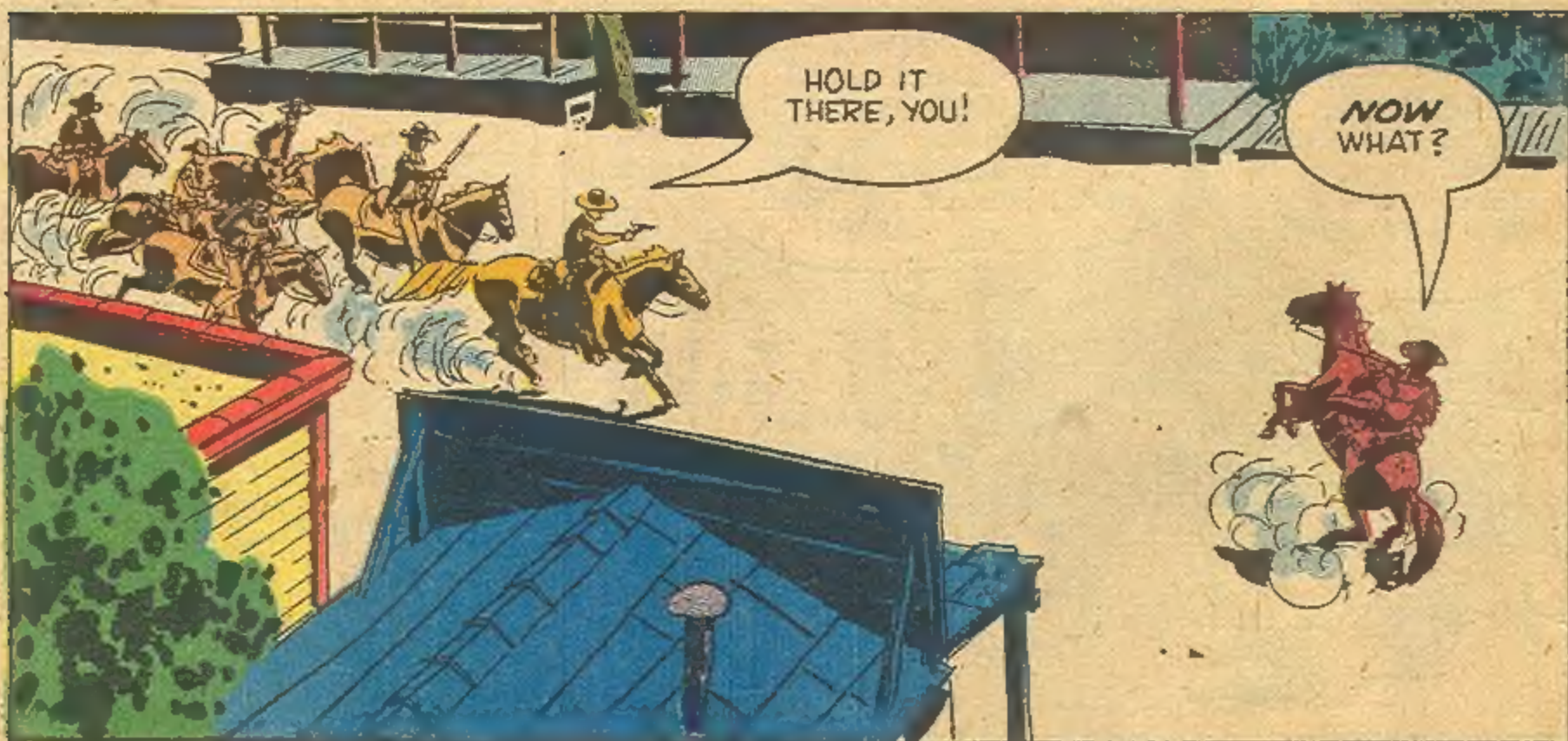
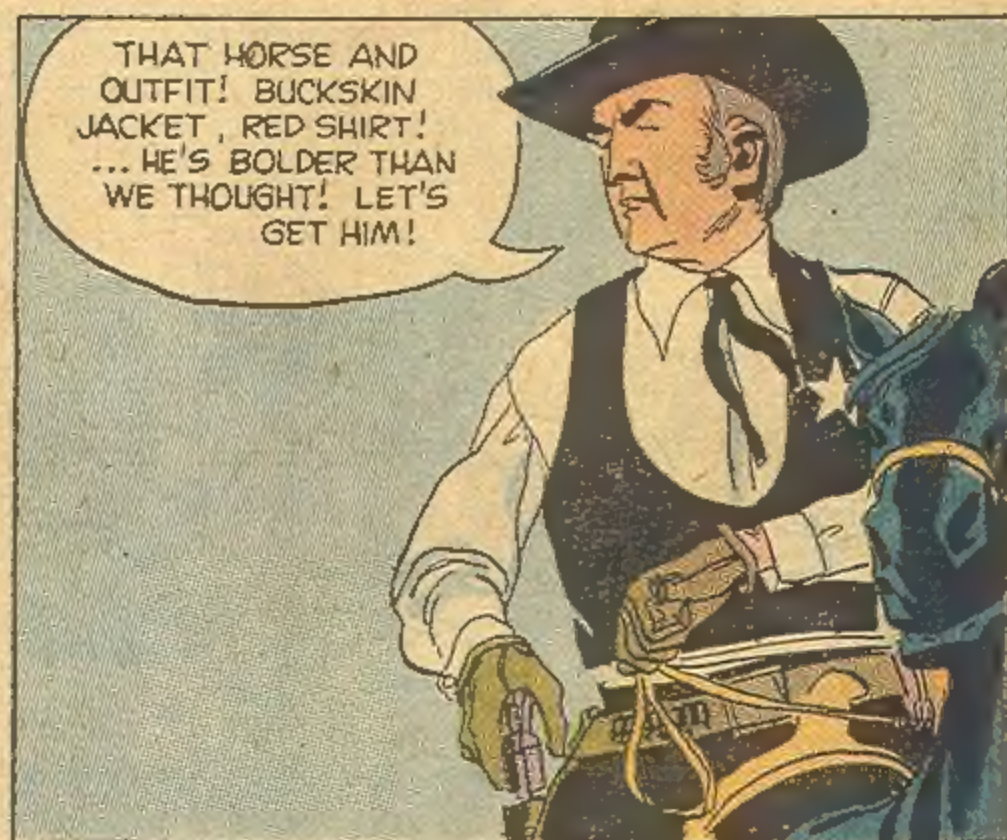
DAGNAB IT! WE'VE LOST THE TRAIL! NO TELLIN' WHICH WAY THEY WENT!

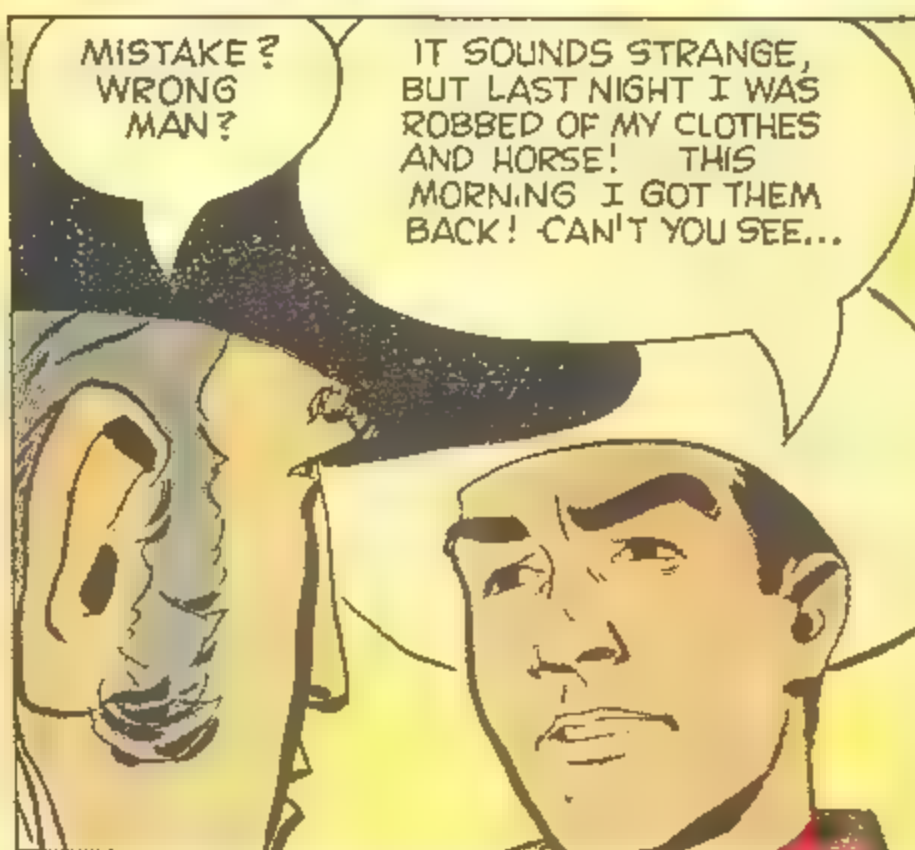
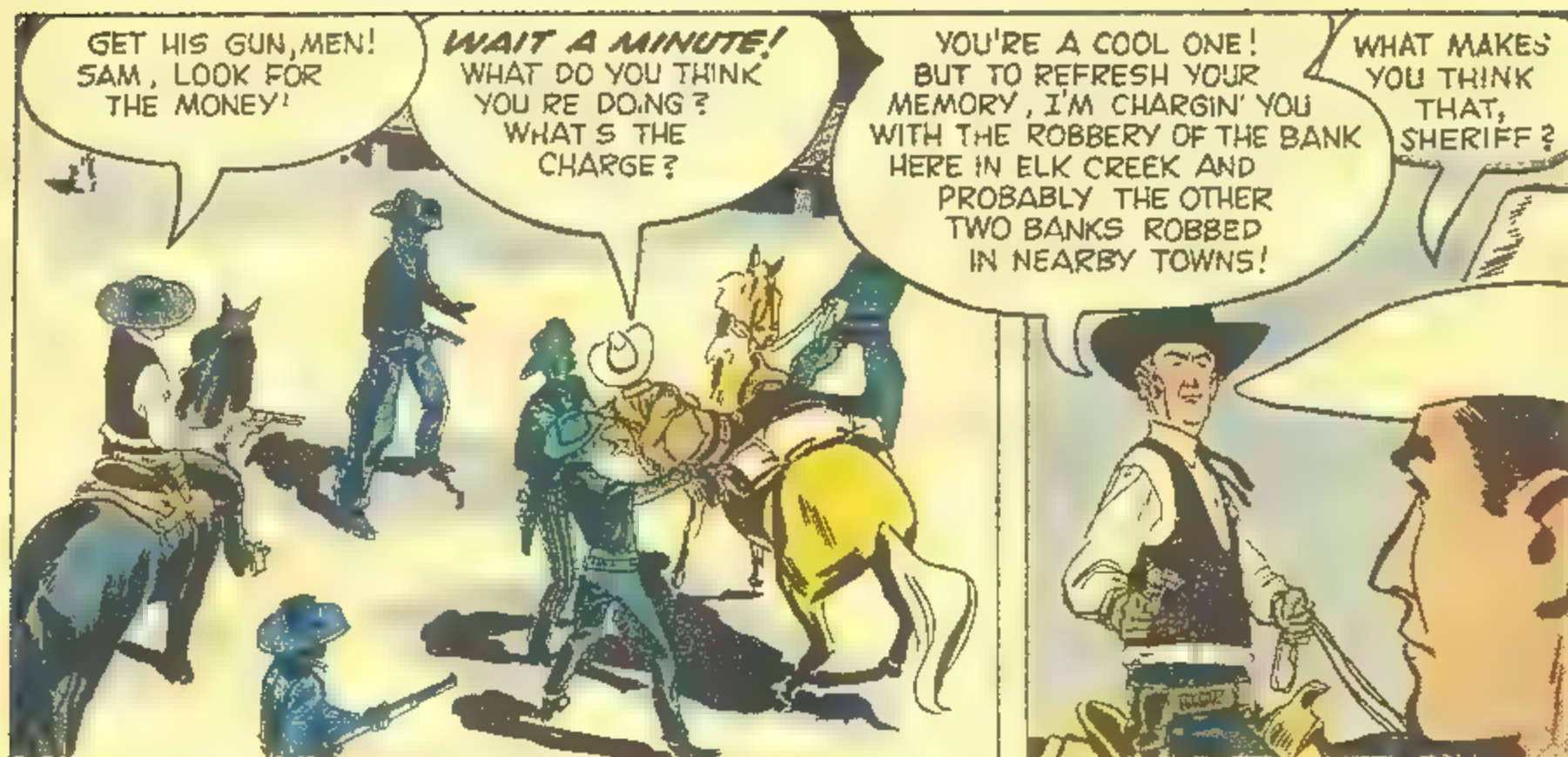
WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP, SHERIFF! THE WAY THAT SAND IS BLOWING UP, WE WON'T PICK UP THE TRAIL AGAIN!

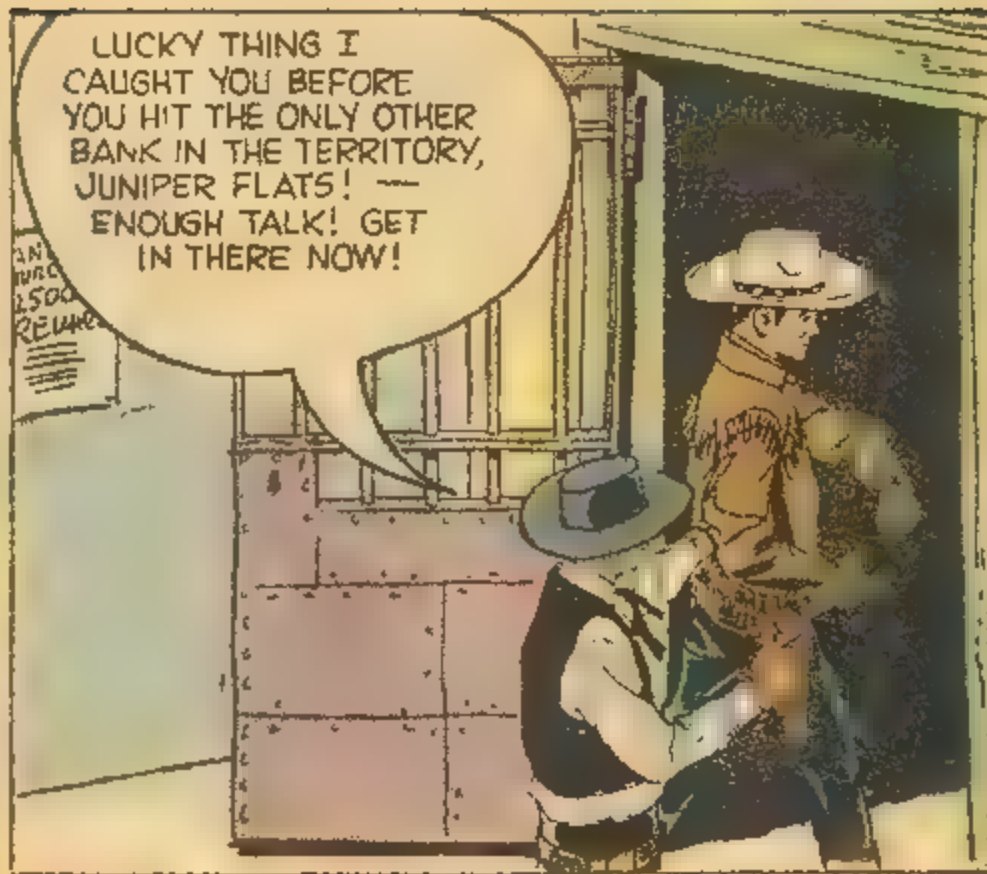
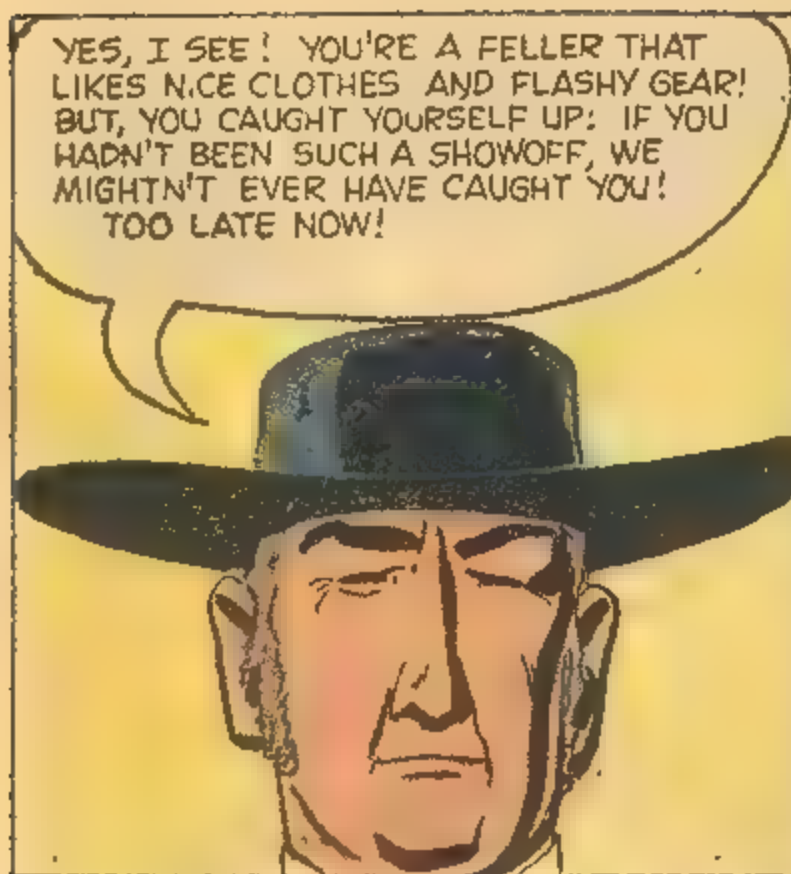


WE'LL HEAD BACK TOWARD TOWN! BUT KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED JUST THE SAME!

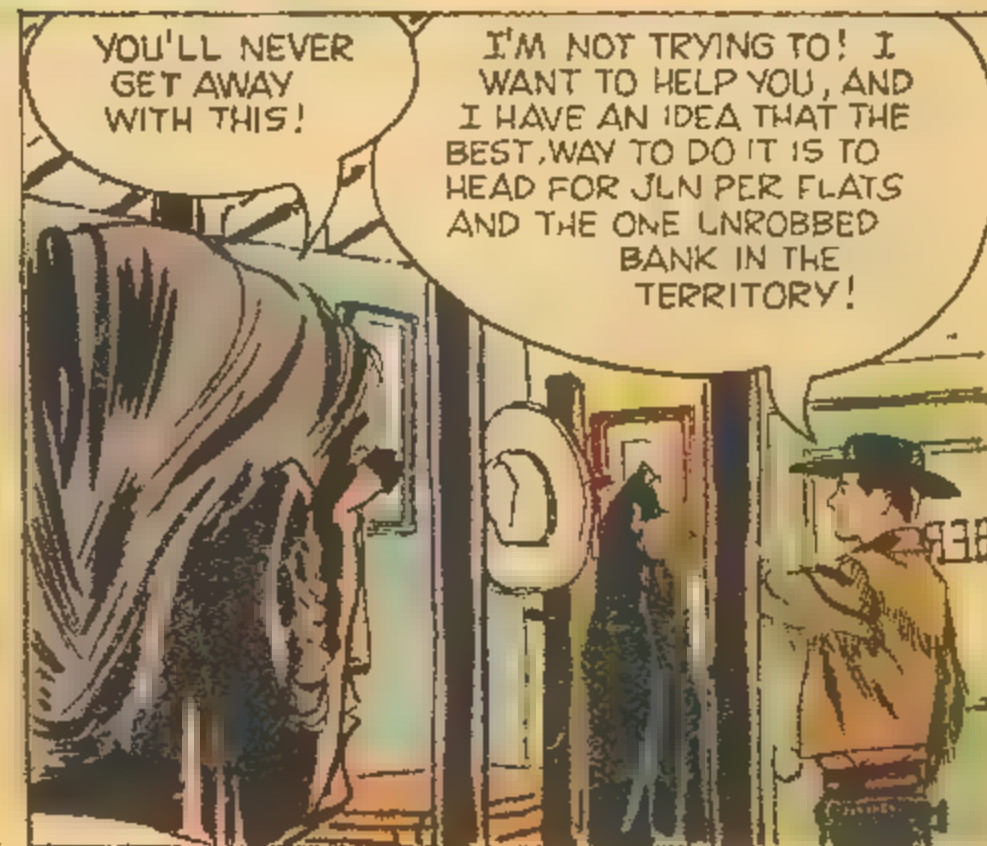


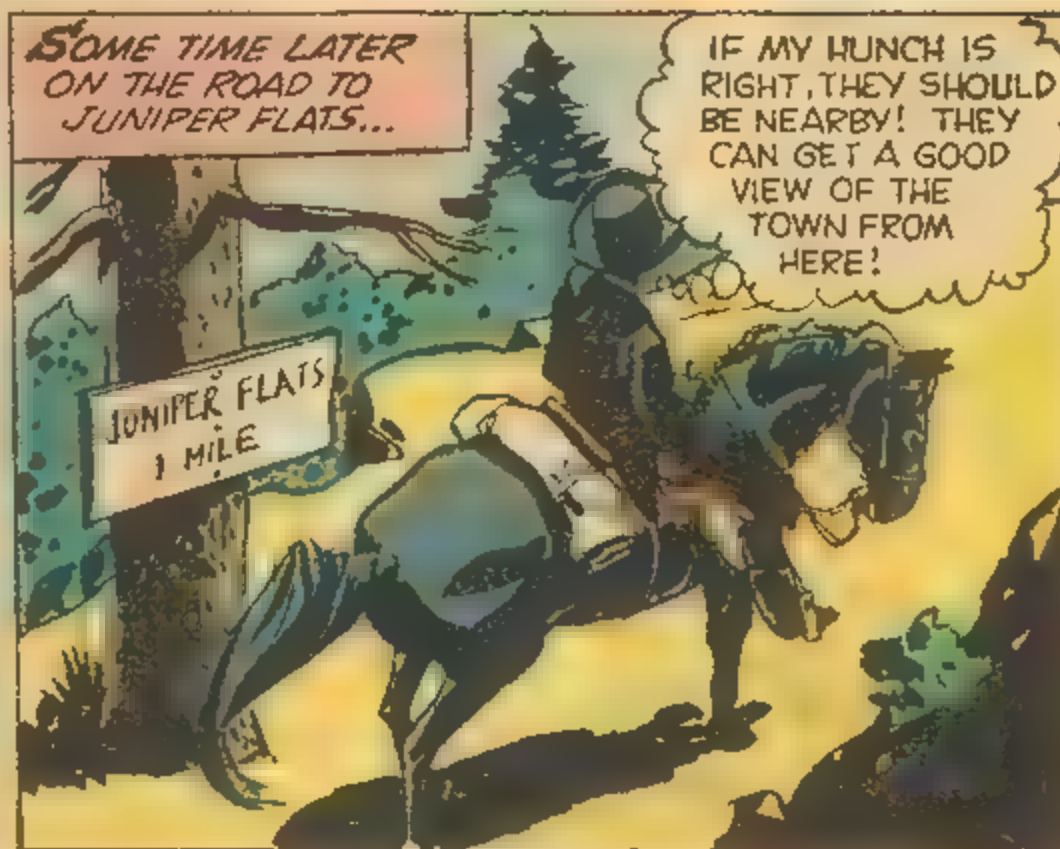
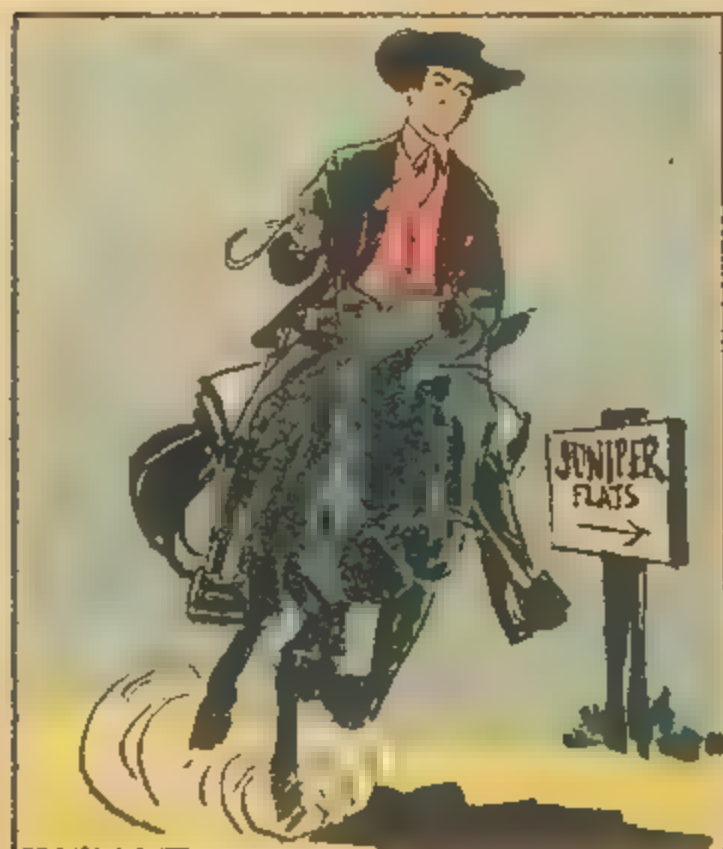
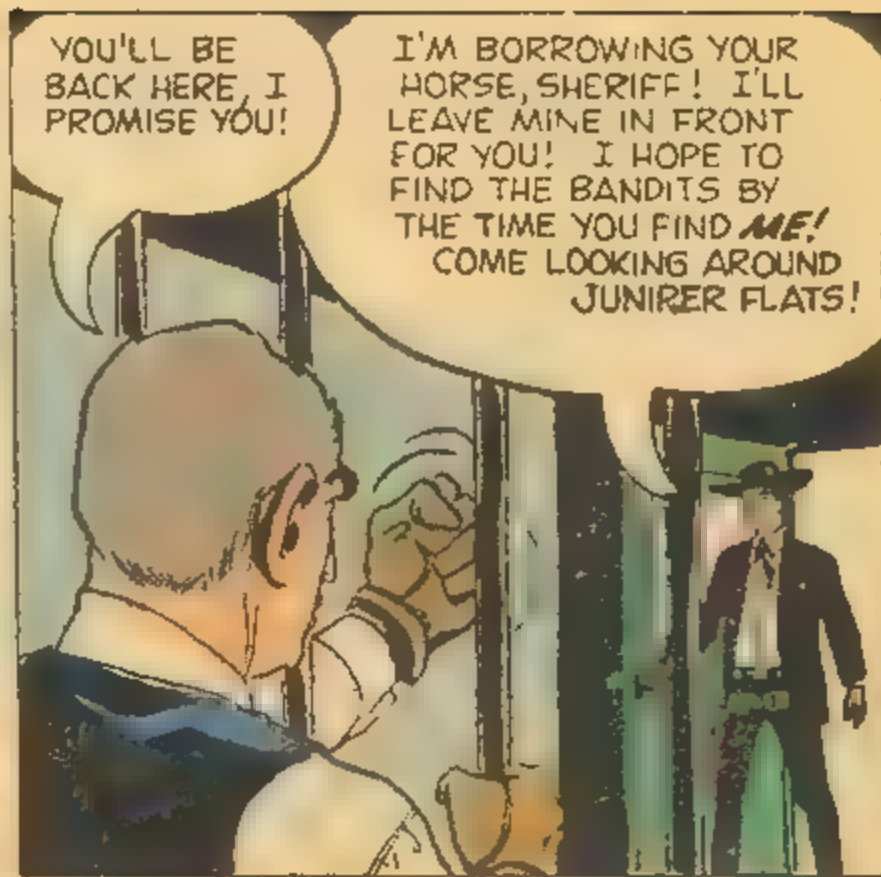
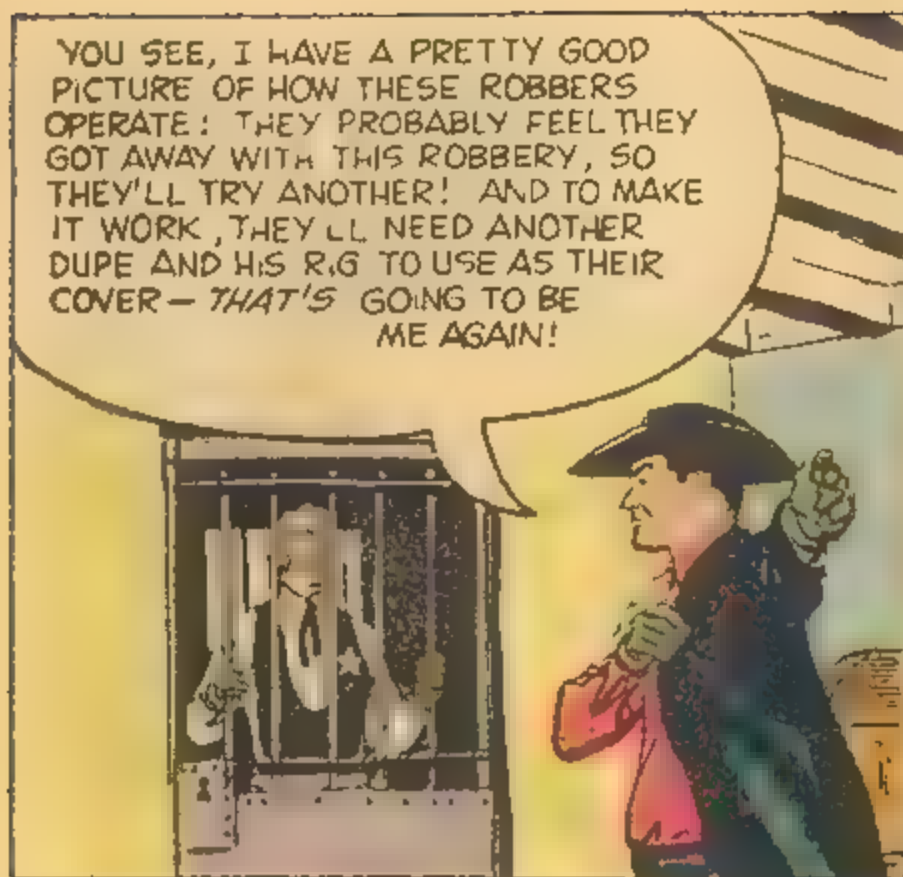


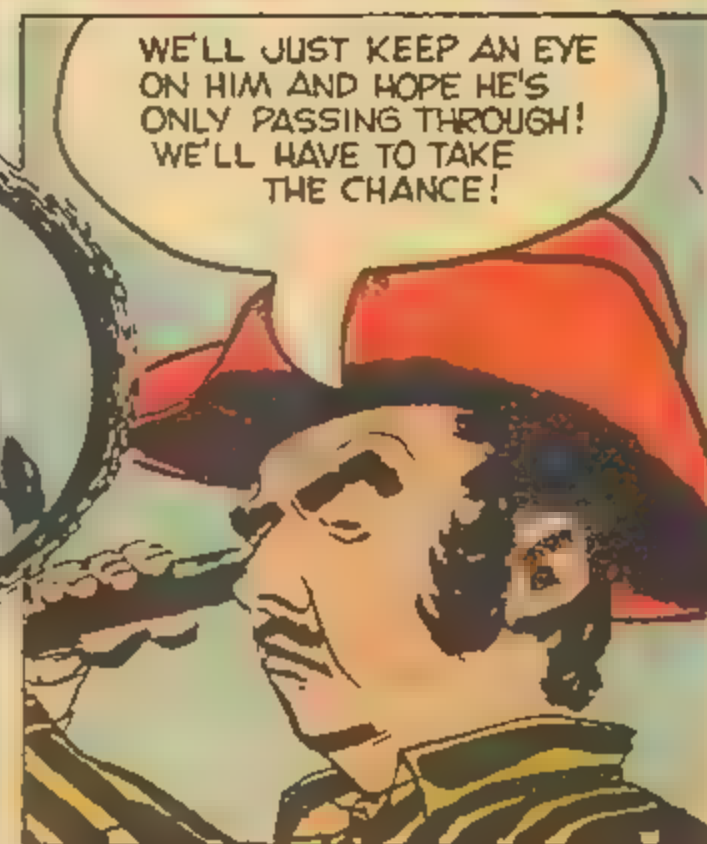
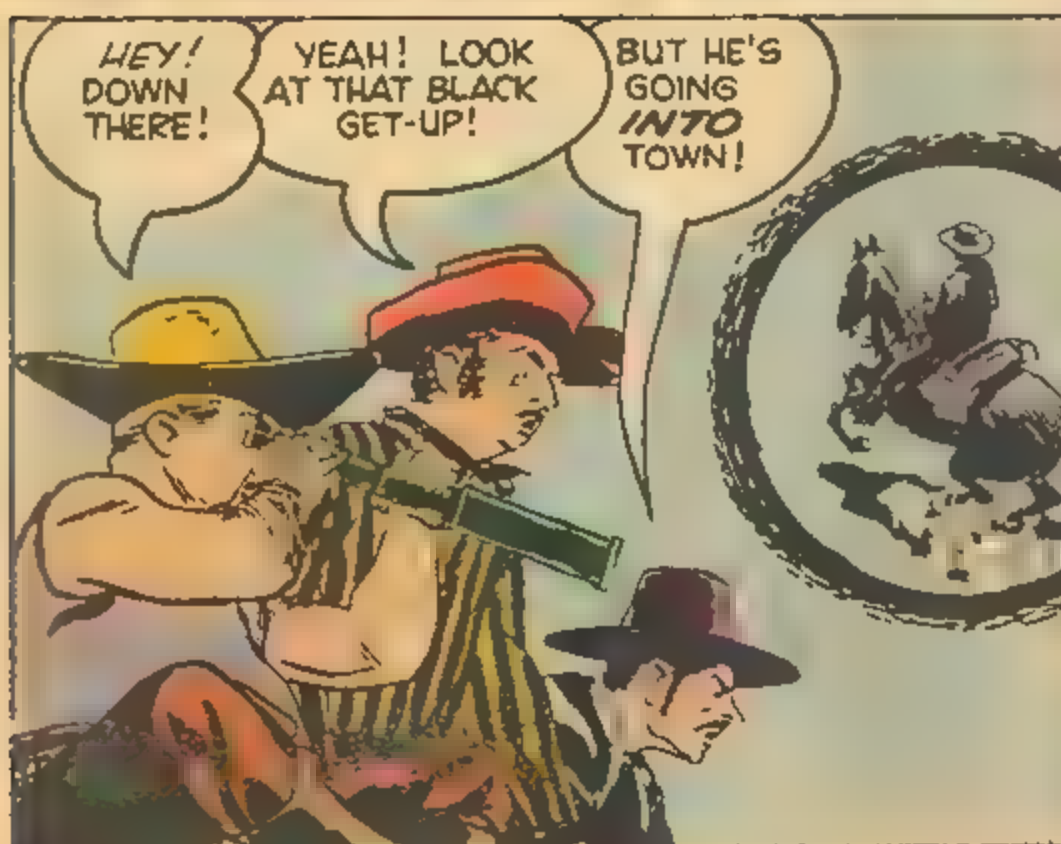
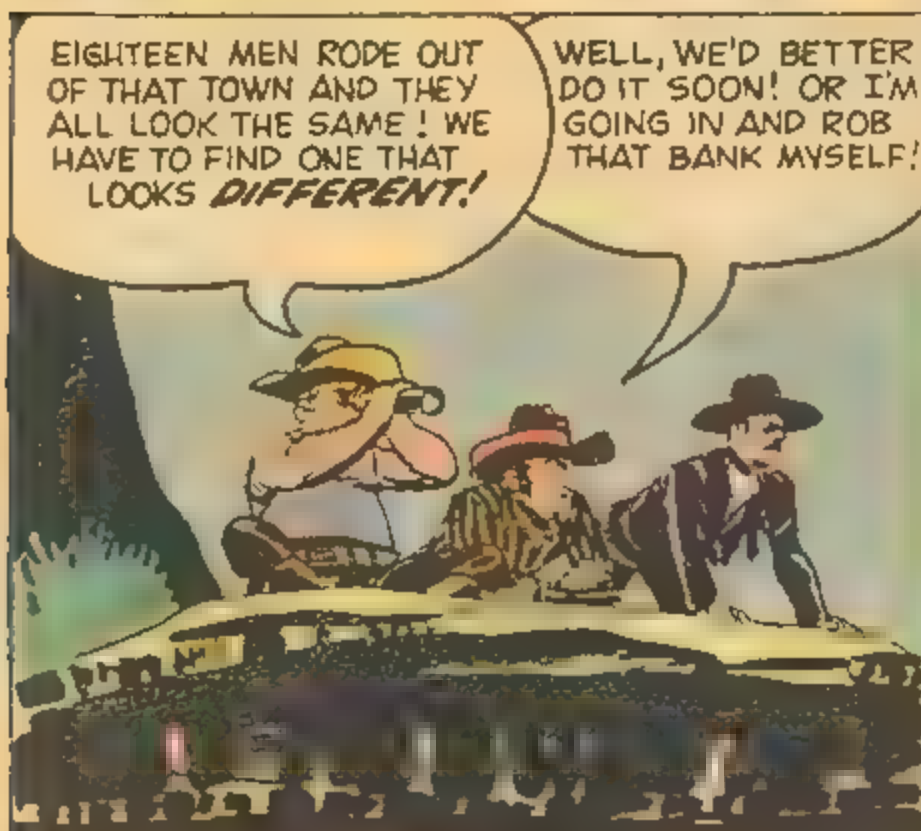




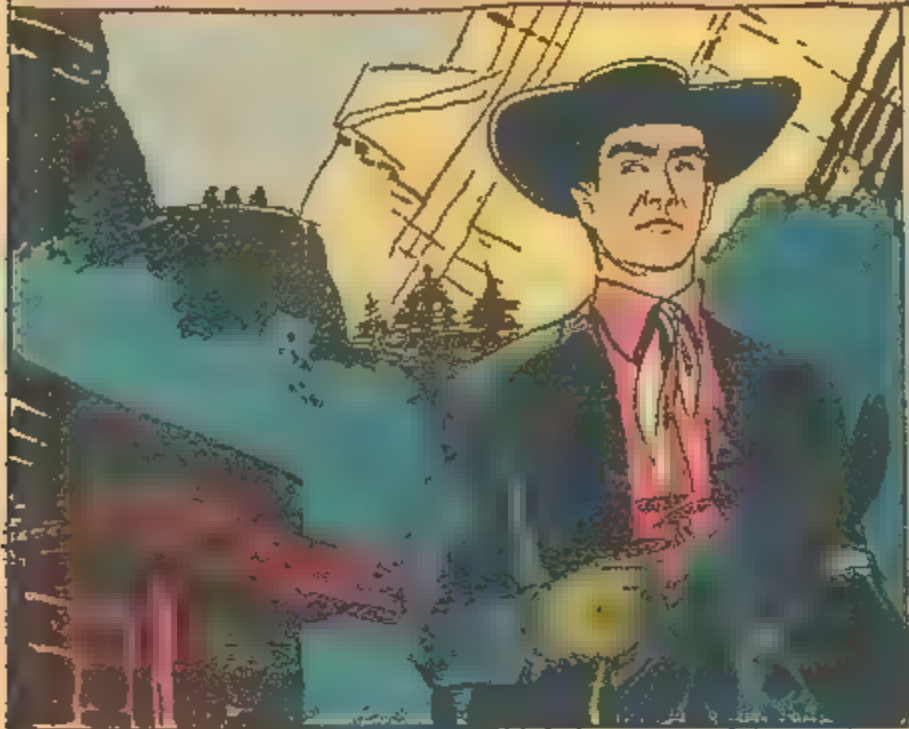
BUT SUDDENLY, JOHNNY WHIRLS, AND GRABS THE SHERIFF'S GUN...







LATER IN THE DAY, JOHNNY RIDES OUT
OF THE TOWN OF JUNIPER FLATS, STILL UNDER
WATCHFUL EYES...



ARE WE IN LUCK!
THERE HE IS, JUST
WAITING FOR US TO
BORROW HIS BLACK
OUTFIT AND PIN A
ROBBERY ON HIM!
WE'LL WAIT TILL
DARK WHEN HE
MAKES CAMP!



LOOKS LIKE THEY
TOOK THE BAIT! NOW
TO FIND A GOOD SPOT
TO REEL THEM IN!



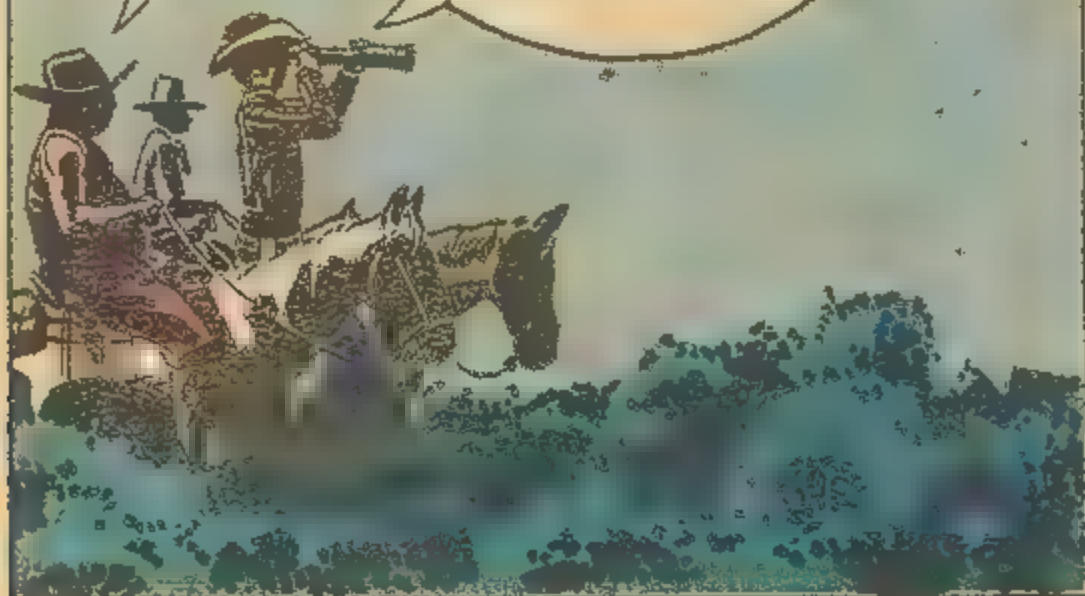
THAT EVENING, ON THE DESERT JUST
OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

HERE'S THE
PERFECT SPOT
FOR TONIGHT'S
CAMP!

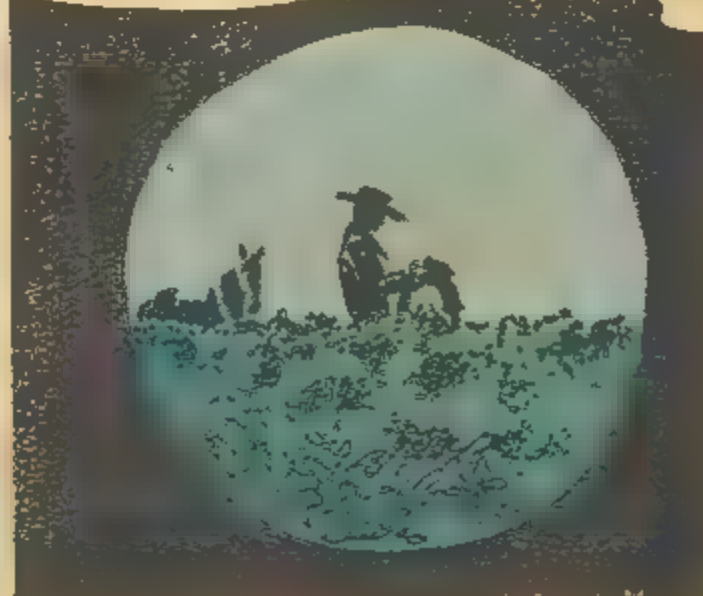


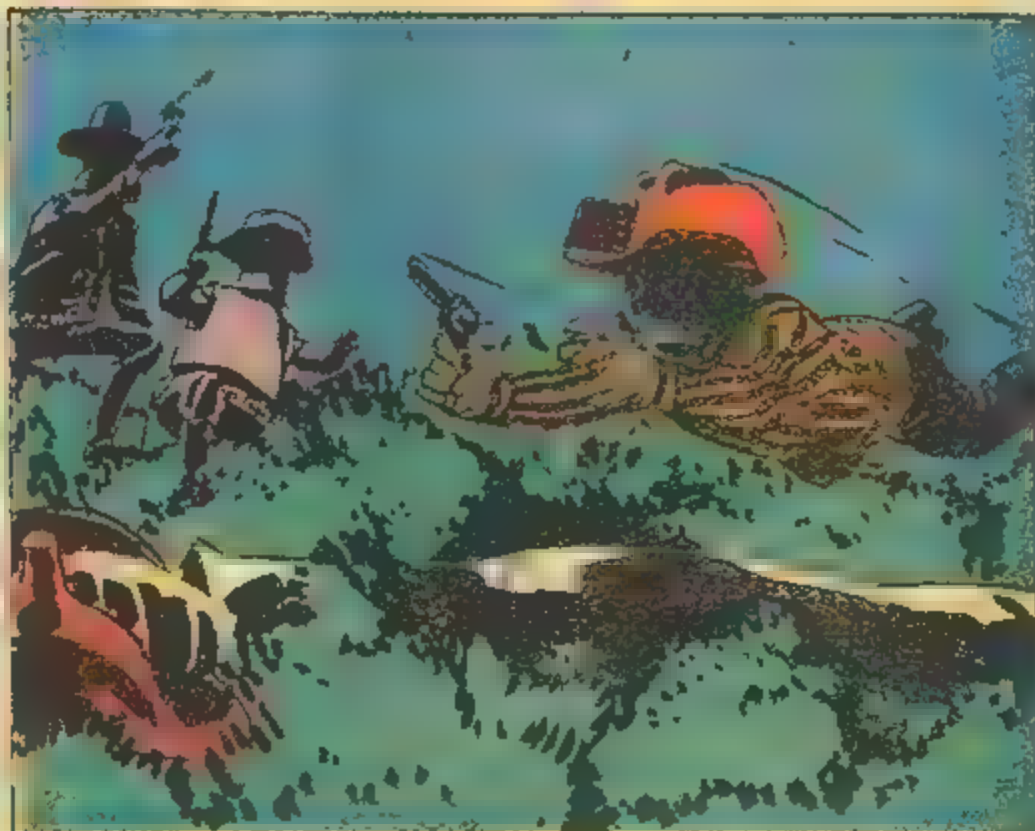
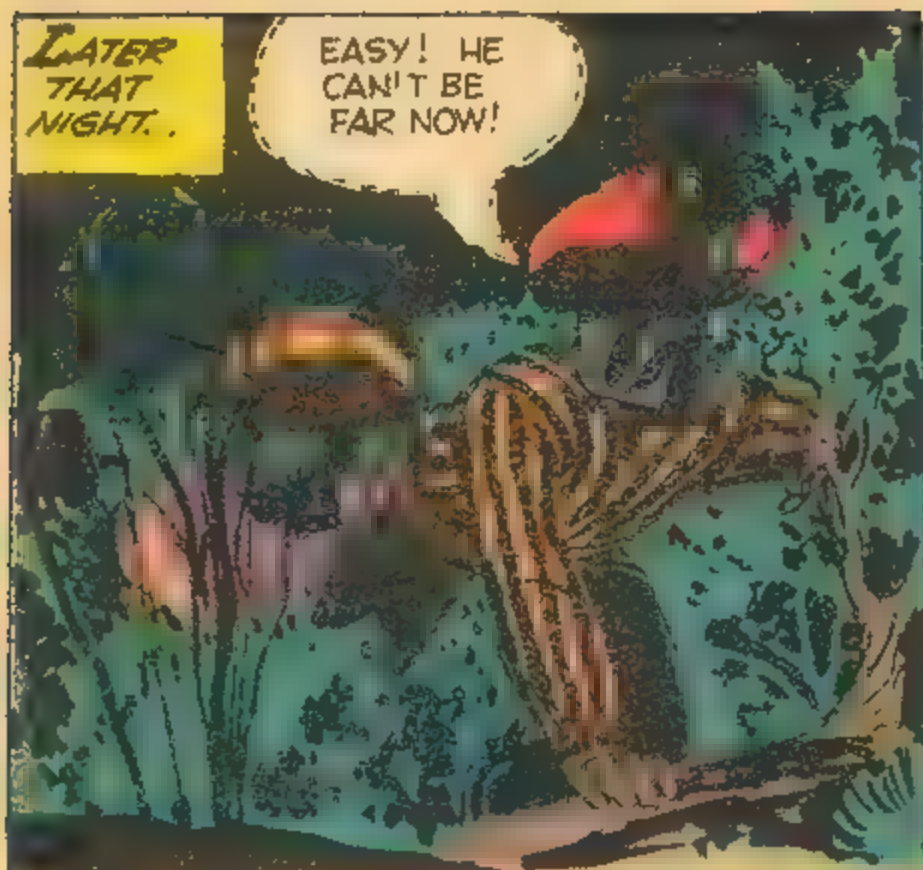
HE'S MAKING
CAMP, I
THINK!

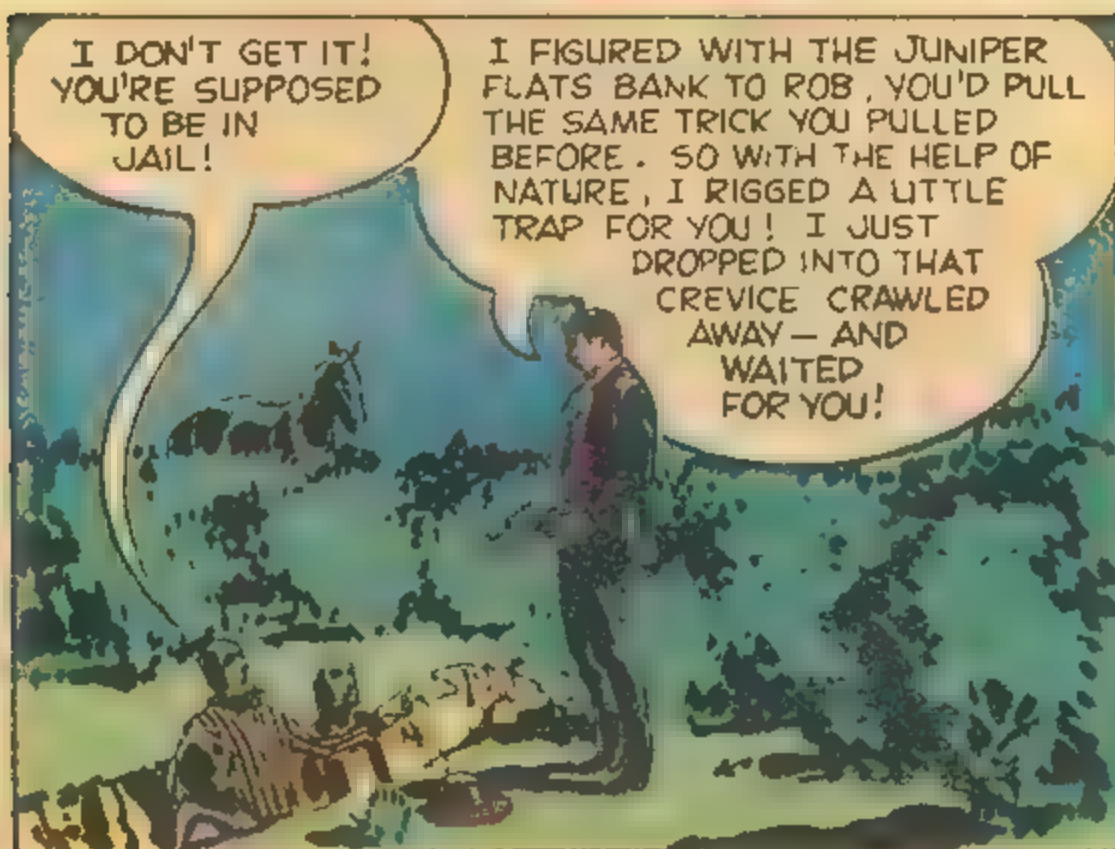
IT'S HARD TO SEE
WHAT HE'S DOING
WITH ALL THIS
BRUSH IN THE
WAY!



HE'S BEDDING DOWN ALL
RIGHT! WE'LL JUST SIT
TIGHT FOR AN HOUR AND
LET HIM GET TO SLEEP!

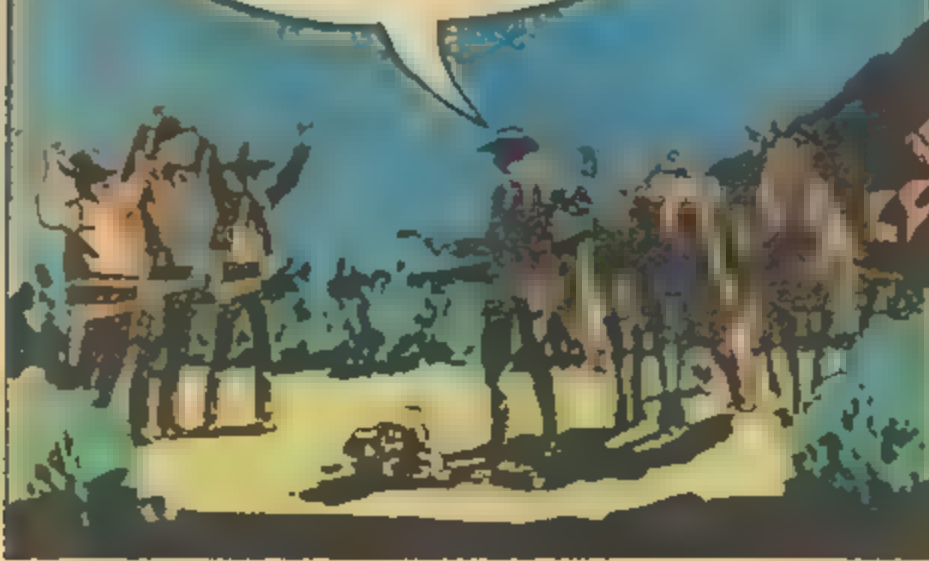






A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

SO MUCH FOR THE
MONEY! NOW I HAVE
A LITTLE LESSON
FOR YOU BOYS!



NEXT MORNING, SOME MILES AWAY...

WAIT'LL I GET
MY HANDS ON THAT
DUDE! HE'LL NEVER
GET AWAY FROM
ME AGAIN!



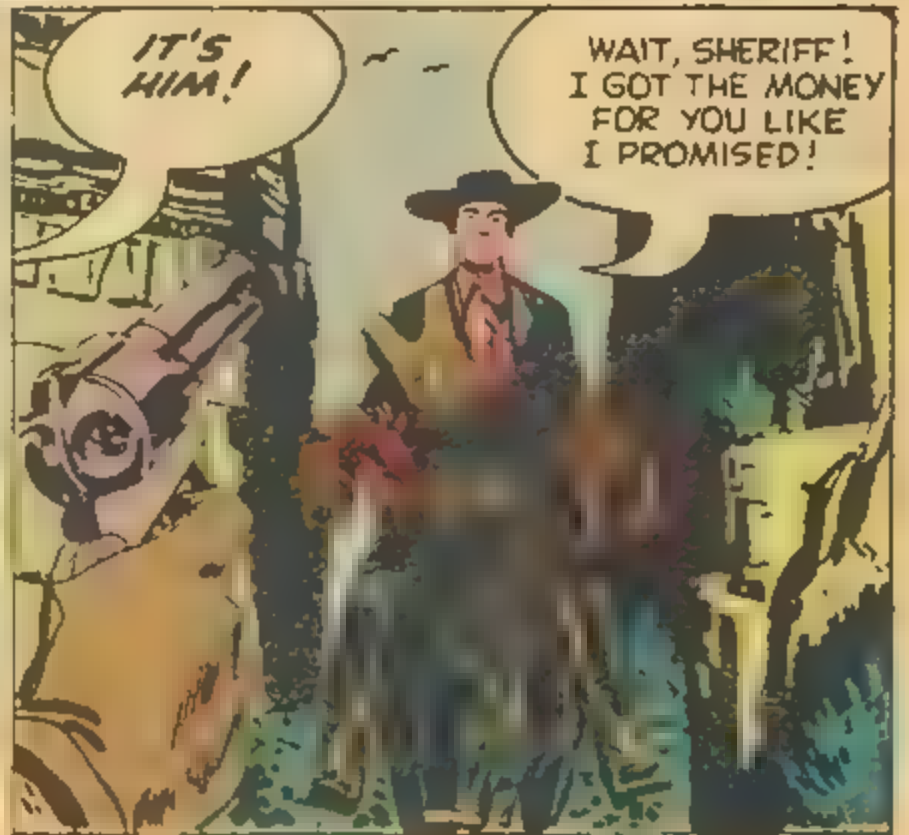
YOU'VE GOT YOUR
MAN, SHERIFF! I'M
OVER HERE!

WHAT IN
TARNATION!?



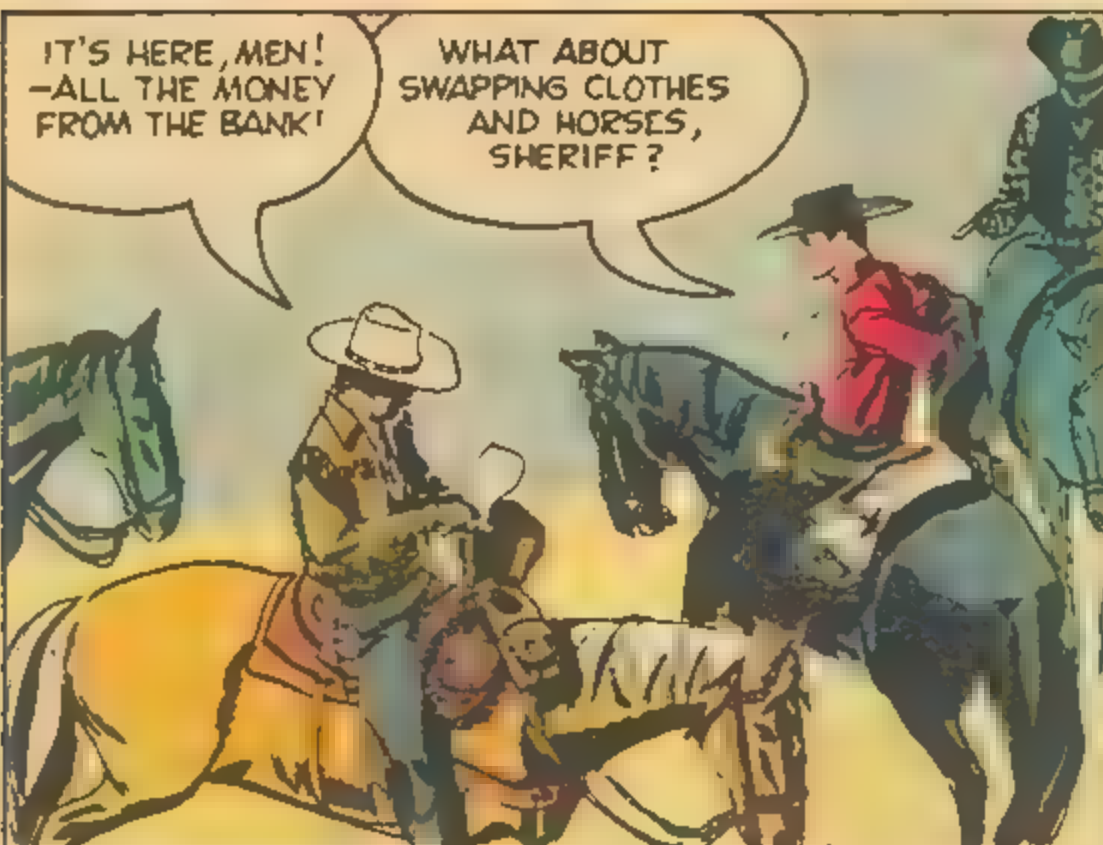
IT'S
HIM!

WAIT, SHERIFF!
I GOT THE MONEY
FOR YOU LIKE
I PROMISED!



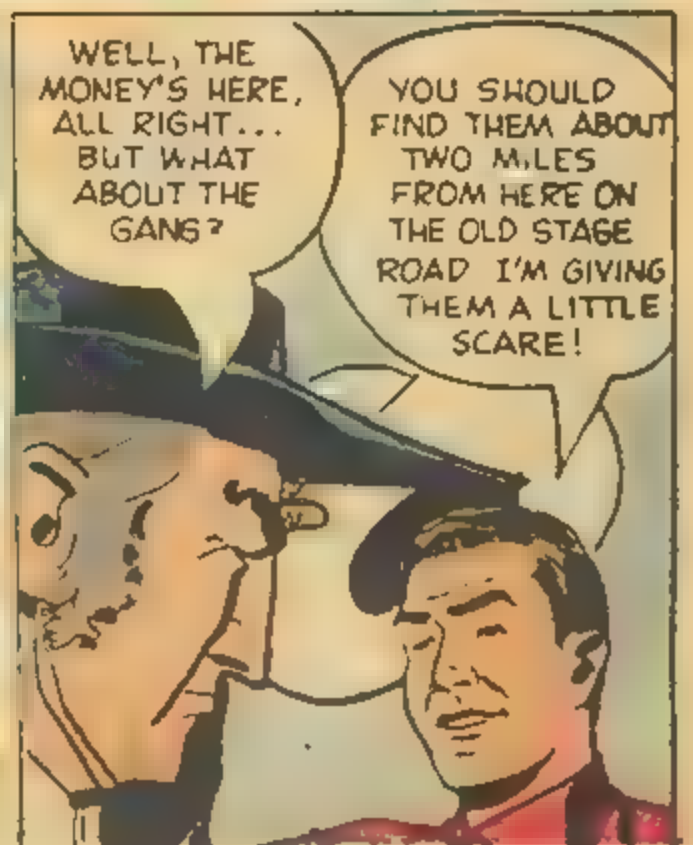
IT'S HERE, MEN!
-ALL THE MONEY
FROM THE BANK!

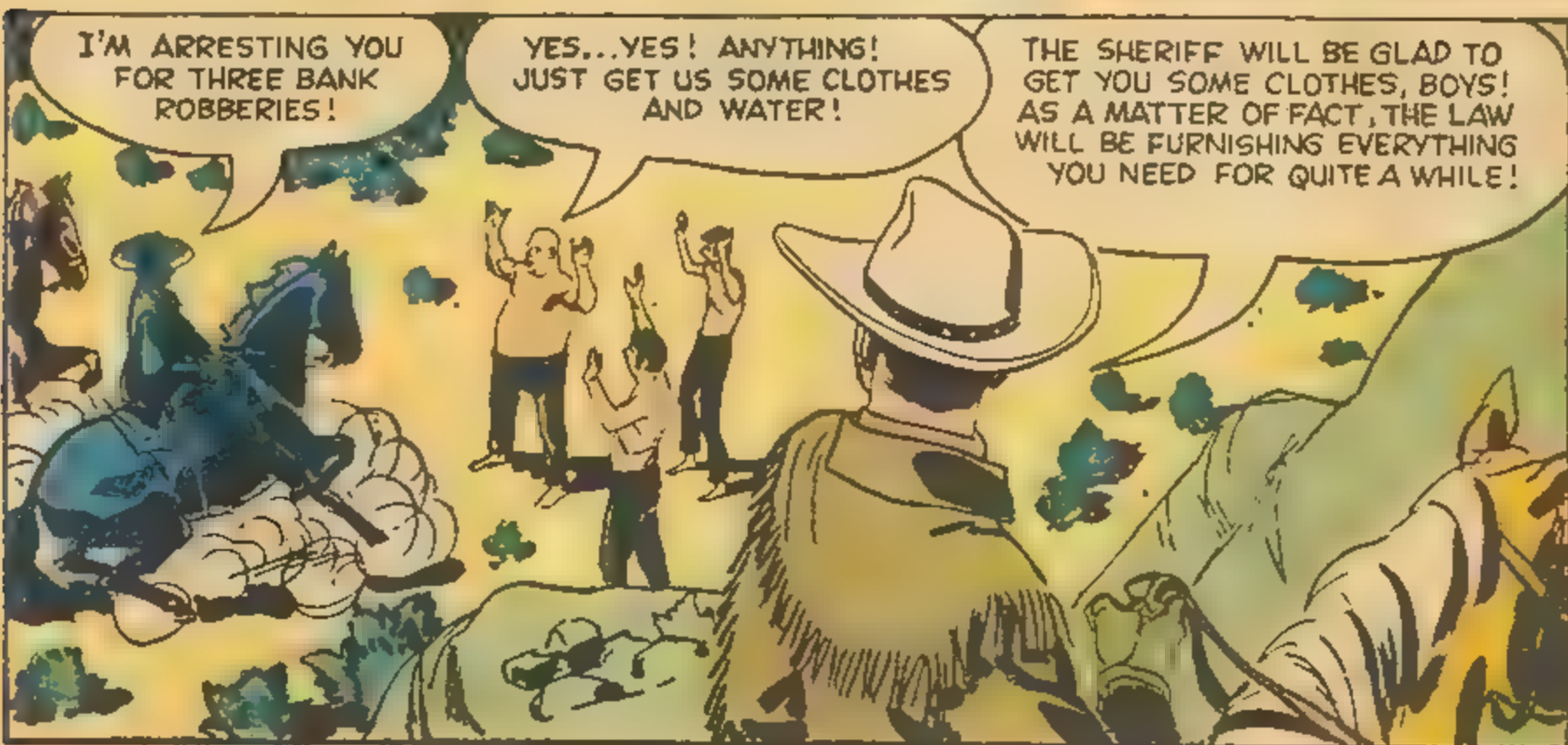
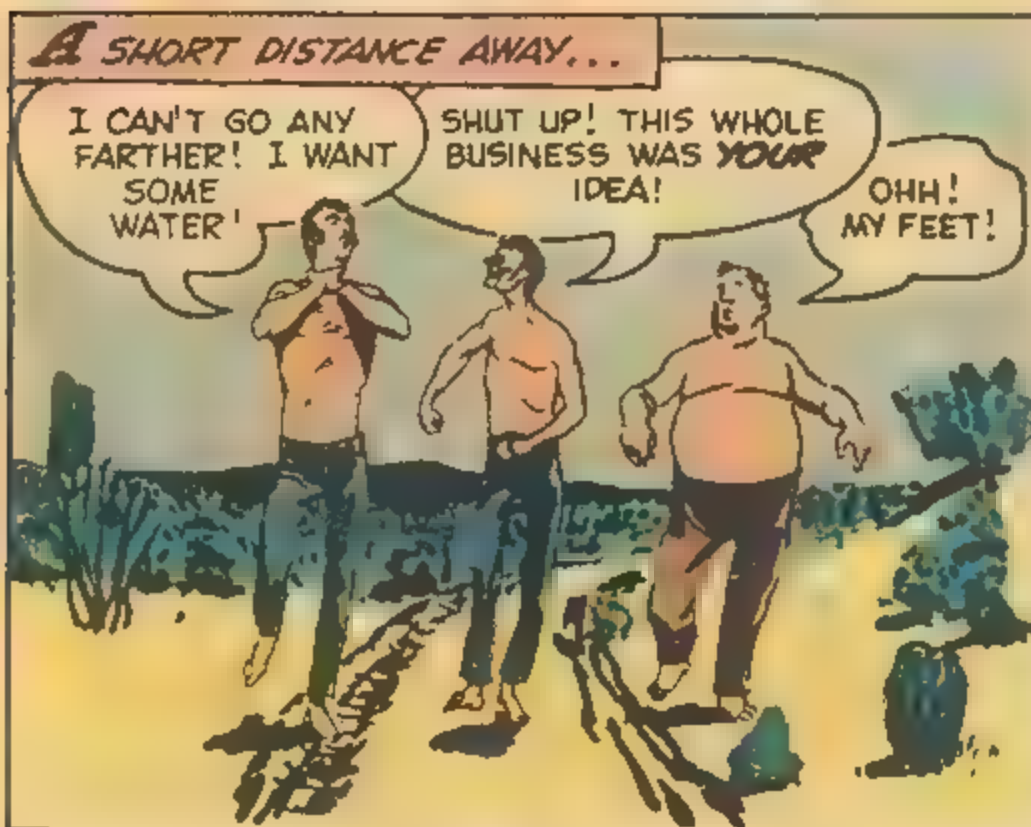
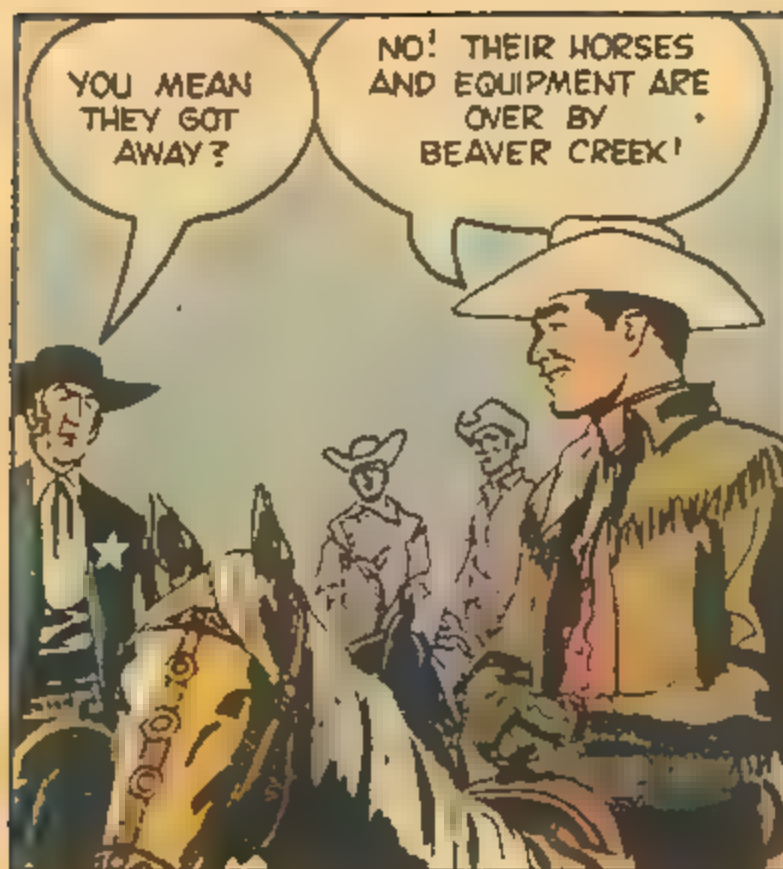
WHAT ABOUT
SWAPPING CLOTHES
AND HORSES,
SHERIFF?



WELL, THE
MONEY'S HERE,
ALL RIGHT...
BUT WHAT
ABOUT THE
GANG?

YOU SHOULD
FIND THEM ABOUT
TWO MILES
FROM HERE ON
THE OLD STAGE
ROAD I'M GIVING
THEM A LITTLE
SCARE!





Johnny Mack Brown

I TELL YOU, WE'VE GOT TO TAKE ACTION!
OVER THREE HUNDRED HEAD OF STEER
RUSTLED AGAIN TODAY!

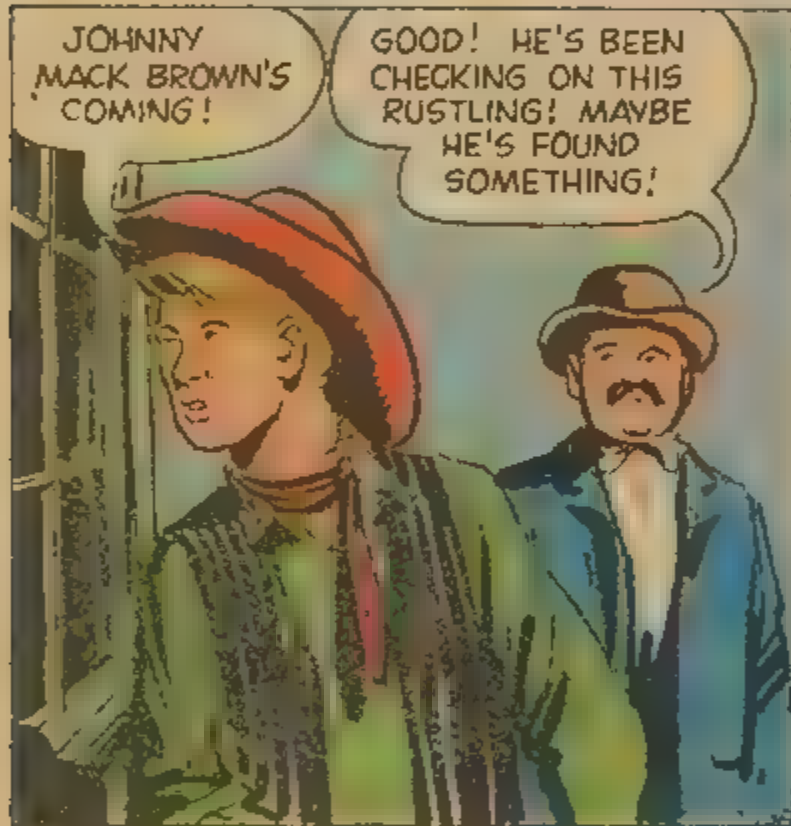
and THE FOUR SQUARE BRAND

At THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN
MESCALERO COUNTY, THE LOCAL
RANCHERS GATHER IN ANGRY
DESPERATION...



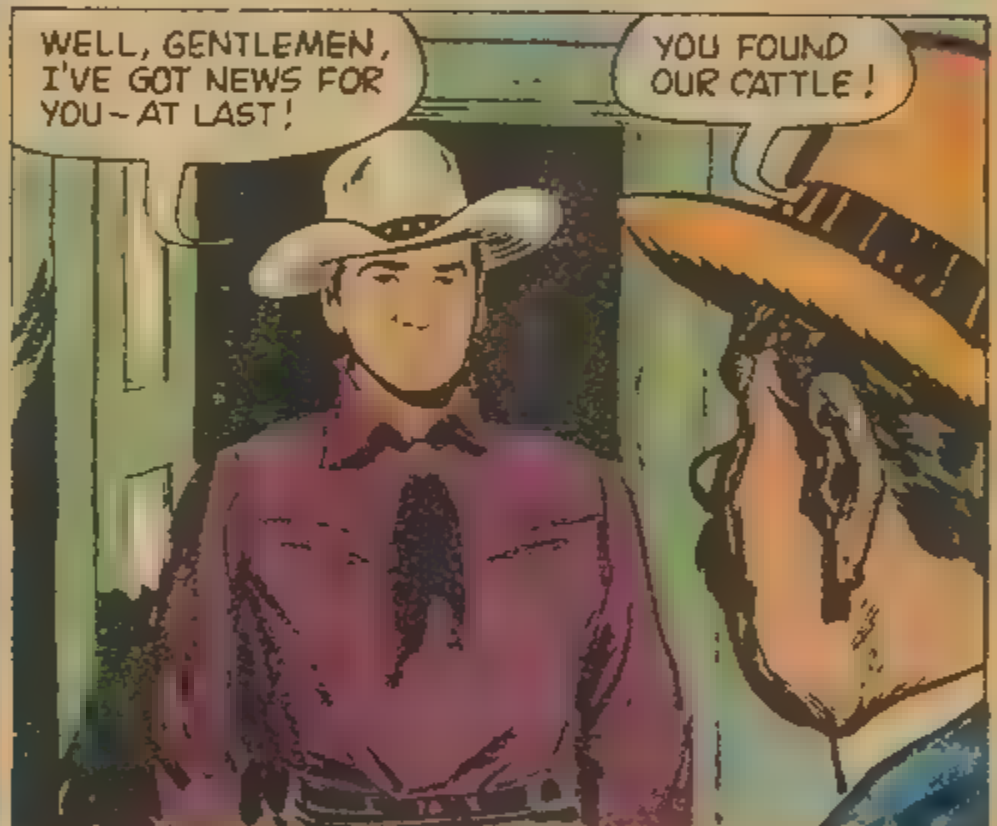
JOHNNY
MACK BROWN'S
COMING!

GOOD! HE'S BEEN
CHECKING ON THIS
RUSTLING! MAYBE
HE'S FOUND
SOMETHING!

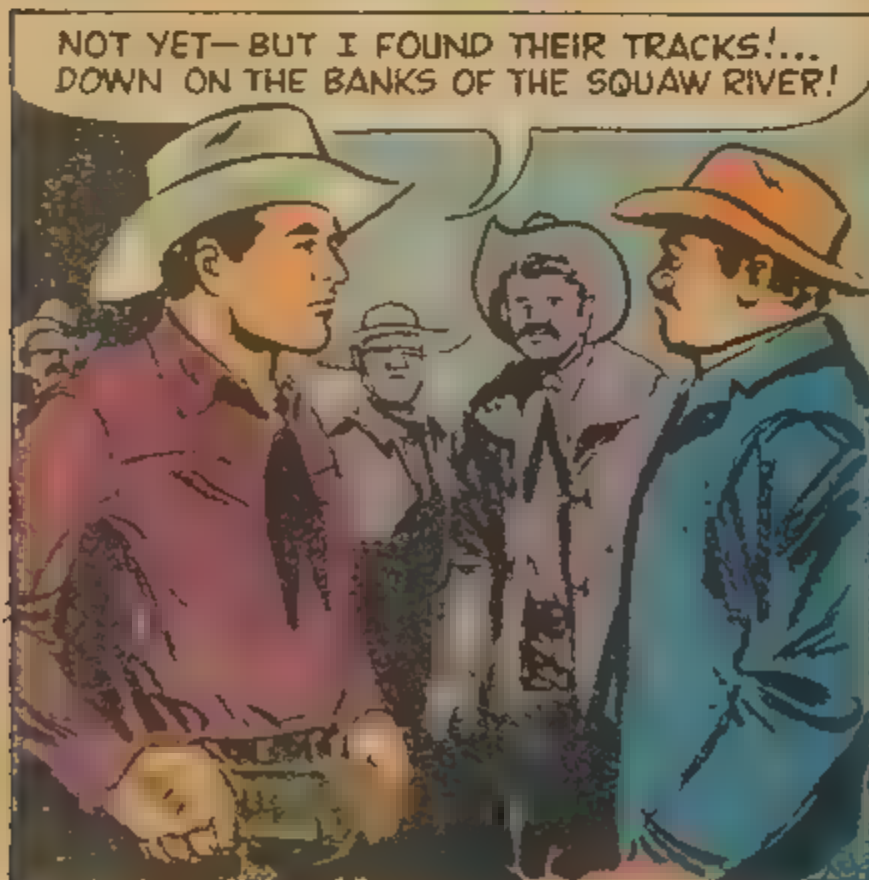


WELL, GENTLEMEN,
I'VE GOT NEWS FOR
YOU - AT LAST!

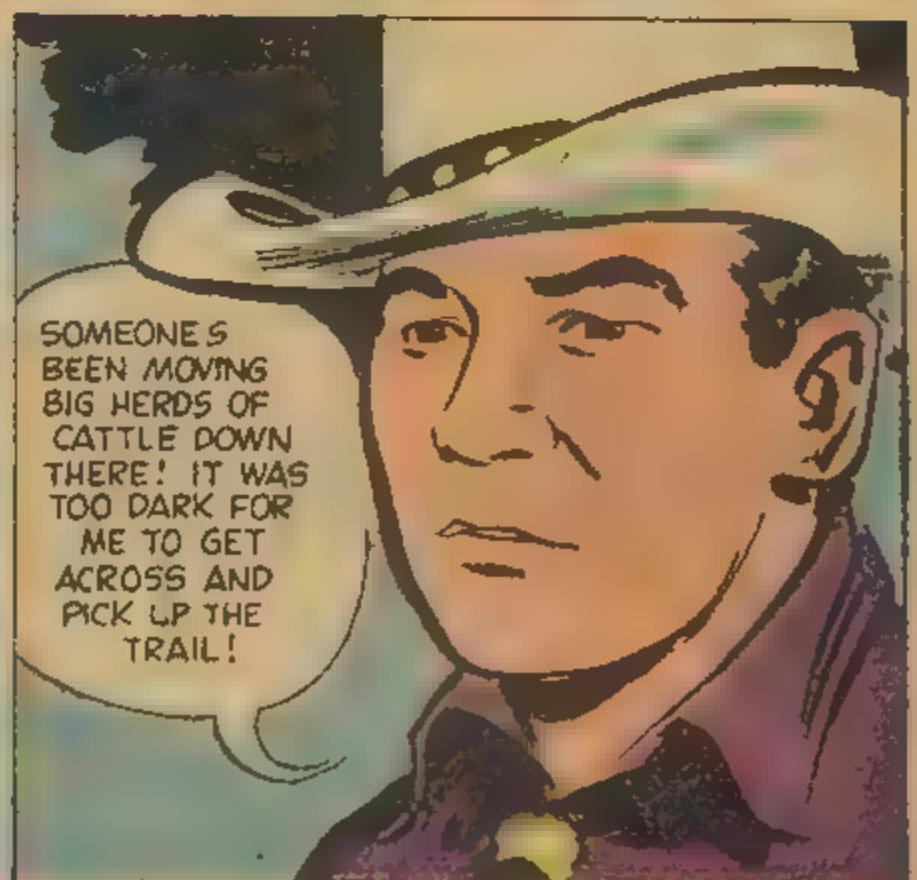
YOU FOUND
OUR CATTLE!

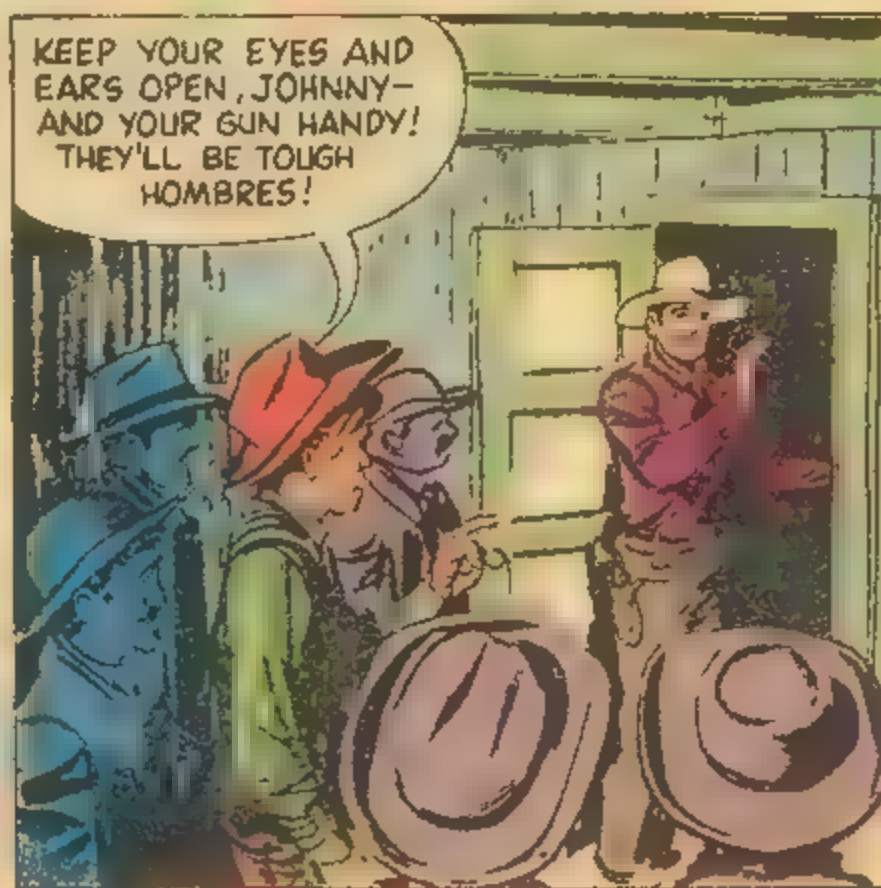
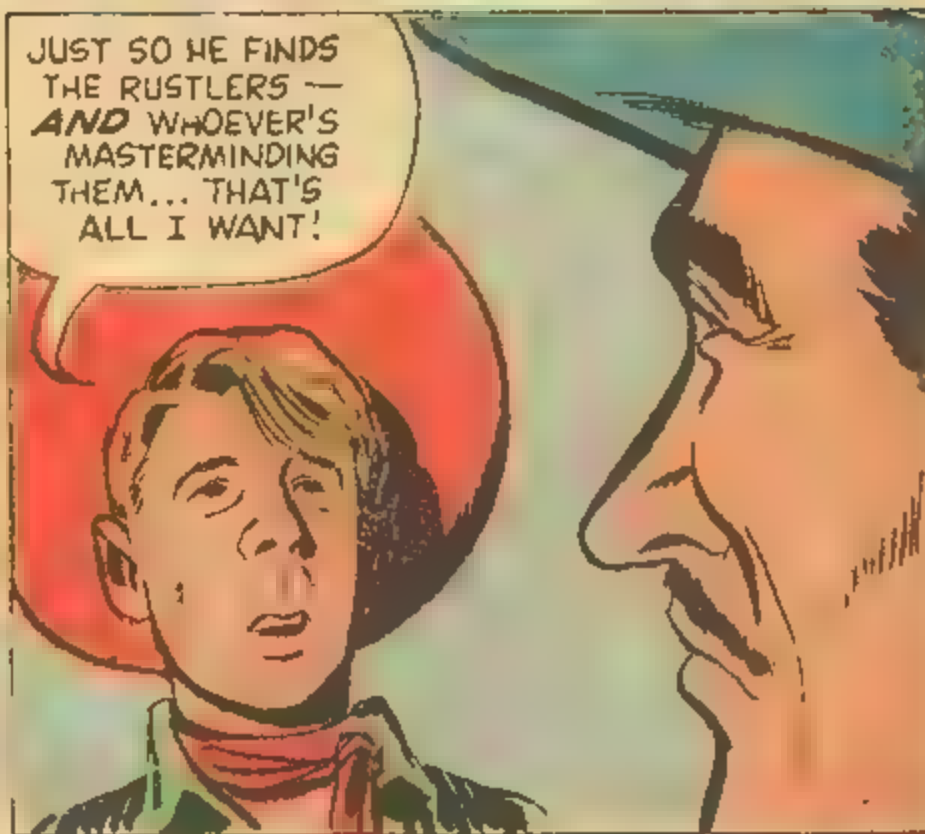
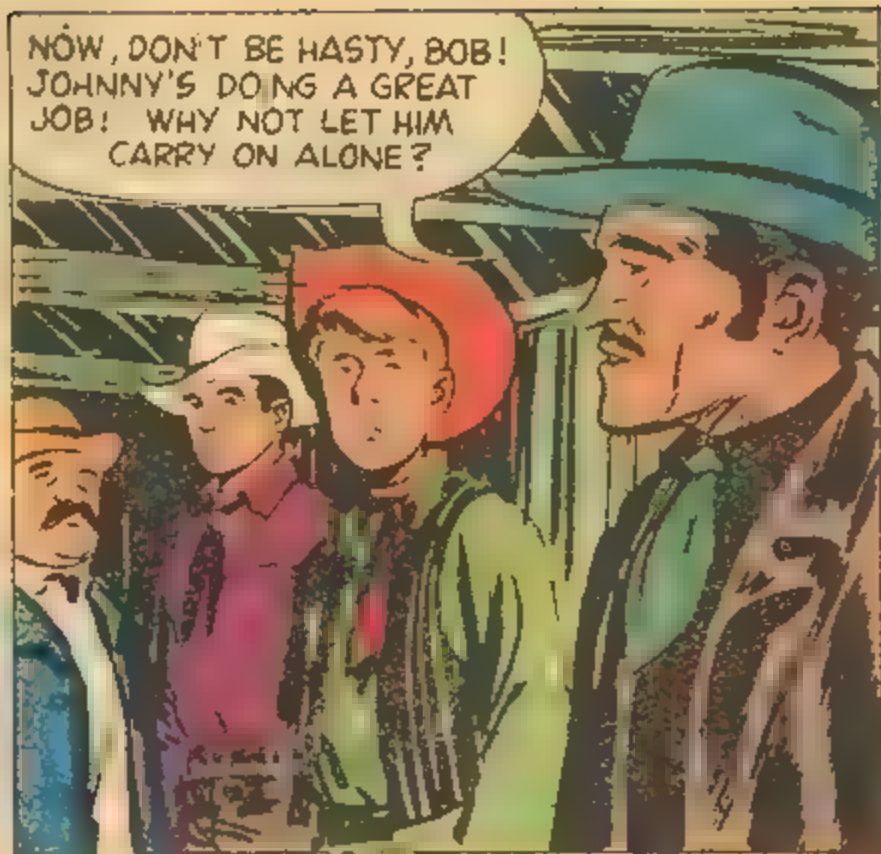


NOT YET—BUT I FOUND THEIR TRACKS!...
DOWN ON THE BANKS OF THE SQUAW RIVER!

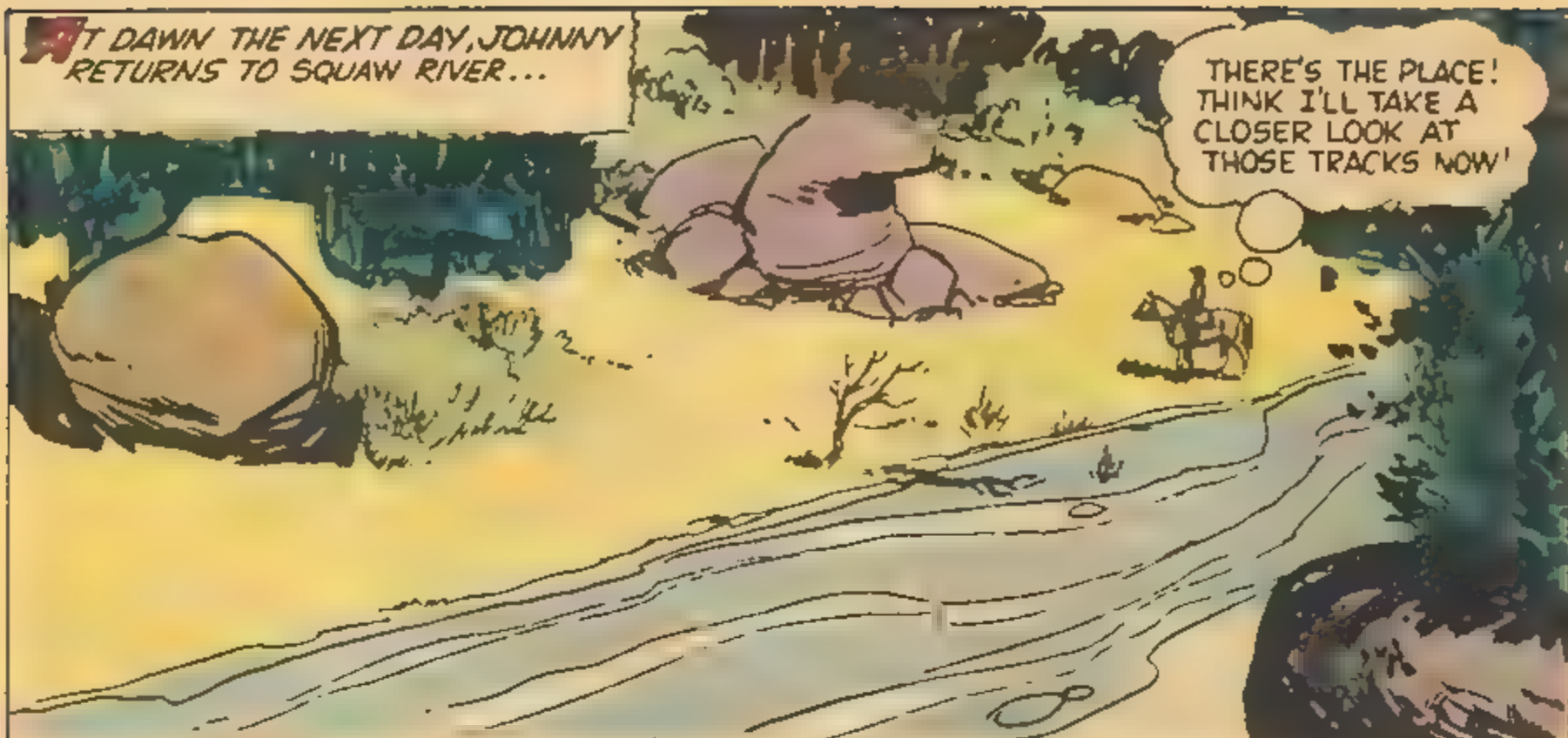


SOMEONE'S
BEEN MOVING
BIG HERDS OF
CATTLE DOWN
THERE! IT WAS
TOO DARK FOR
ME TO GET
ACROSS AND
PICK UP THE
TRAIL!



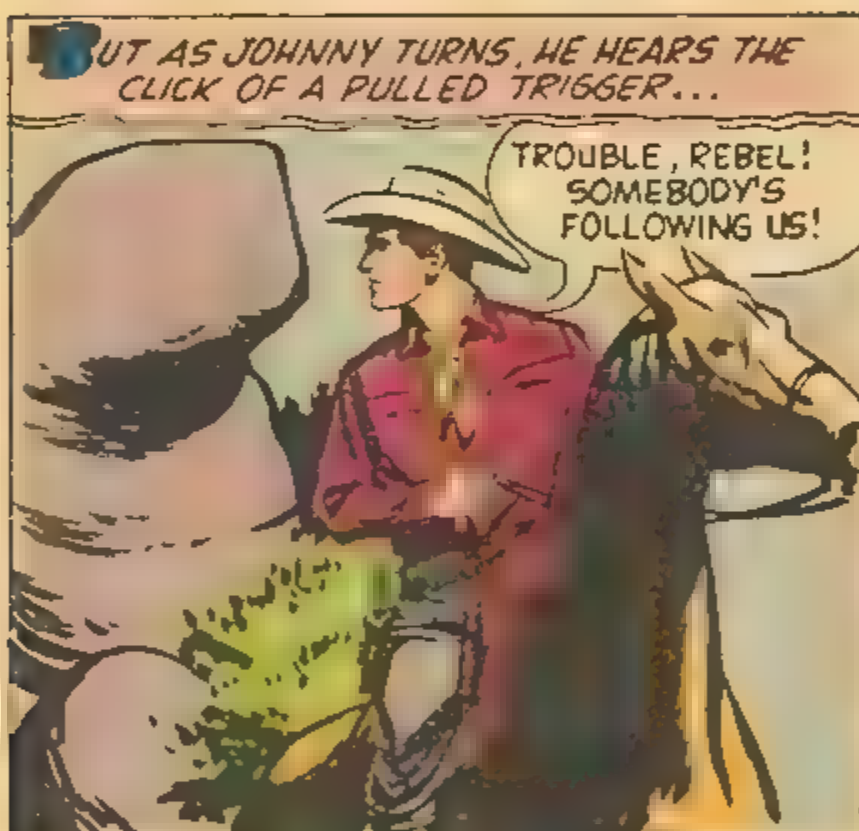


BUT DAWN THE NEXT DAY, JOHNNY RETURNS TO SQUAW RIVER...



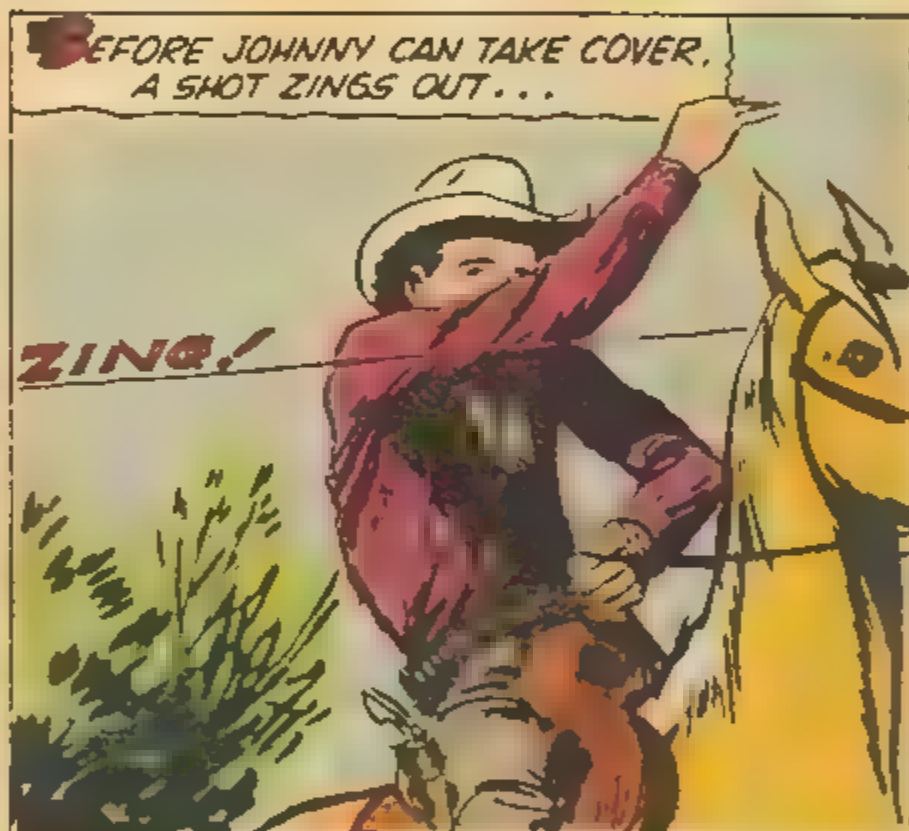
THERE'S THE PLACE!
THINK I'LL TAKE A
CLOSER LOOK AT
THOSE TRACKS NOW!

BUT AS JOHNNY TURNS, HE HEARS THE
CLICK OF A PULLED TRIGGER...



TROUBLE, REBEL!
SOMEBODY'S
FOLLOWING US!

BEFORE JOHNNY CAN TAKE COVER,
A SHOT ZINGS OUT...

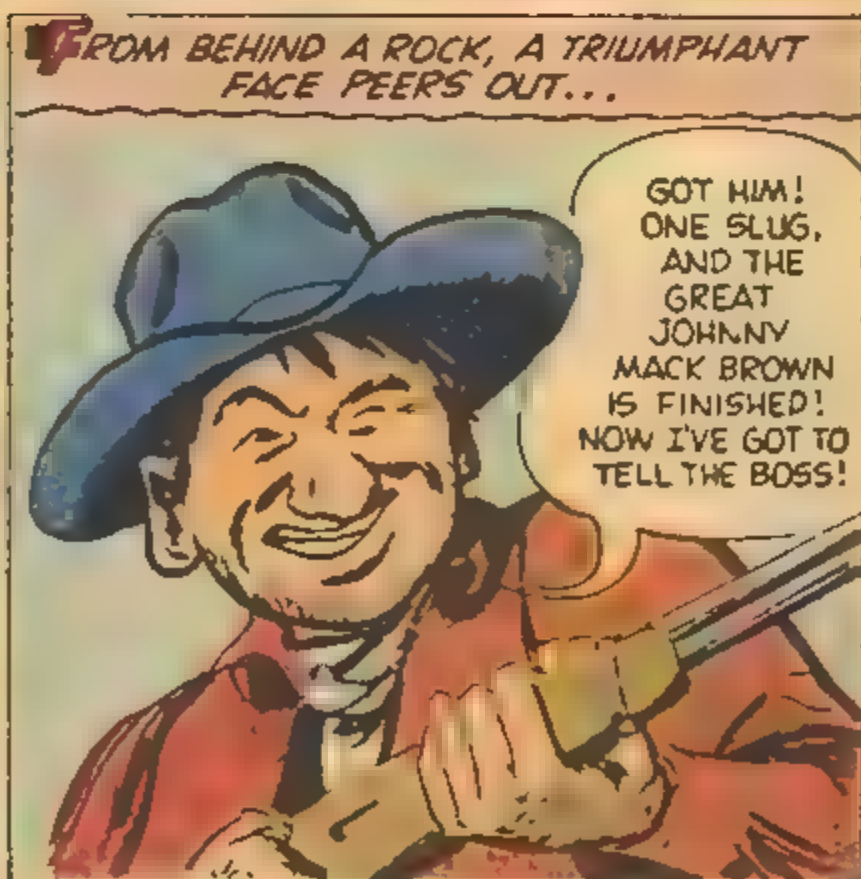


ZING!

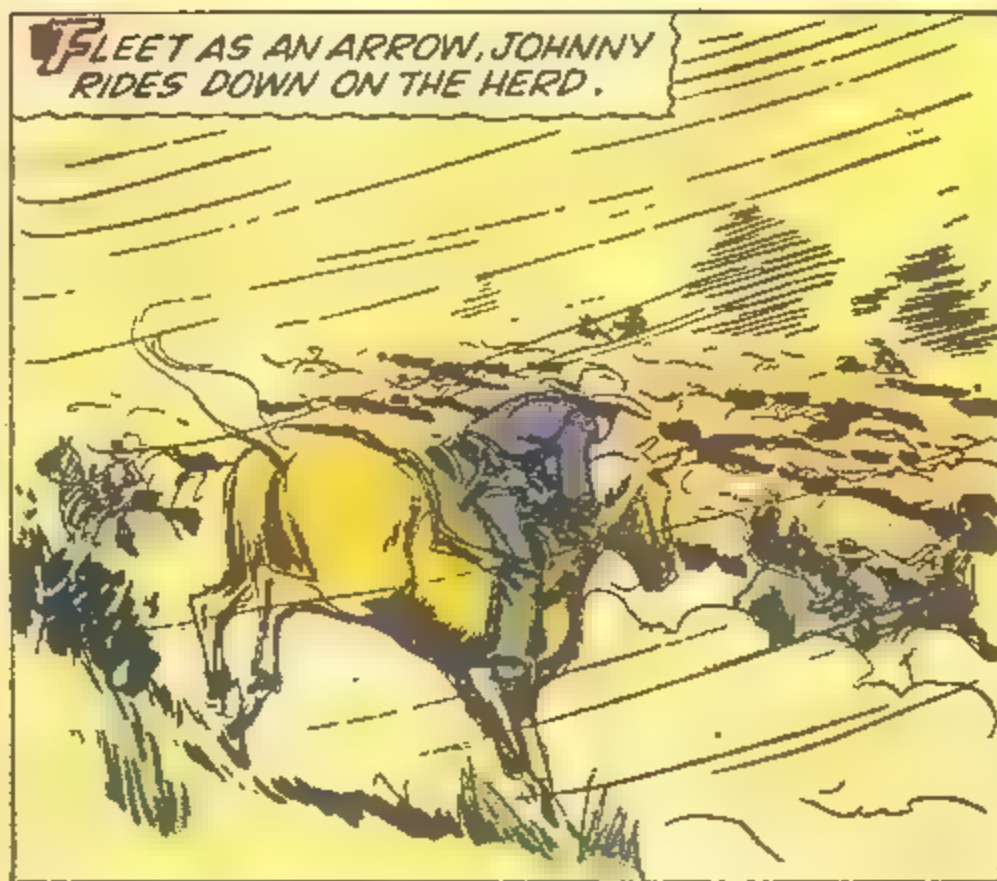
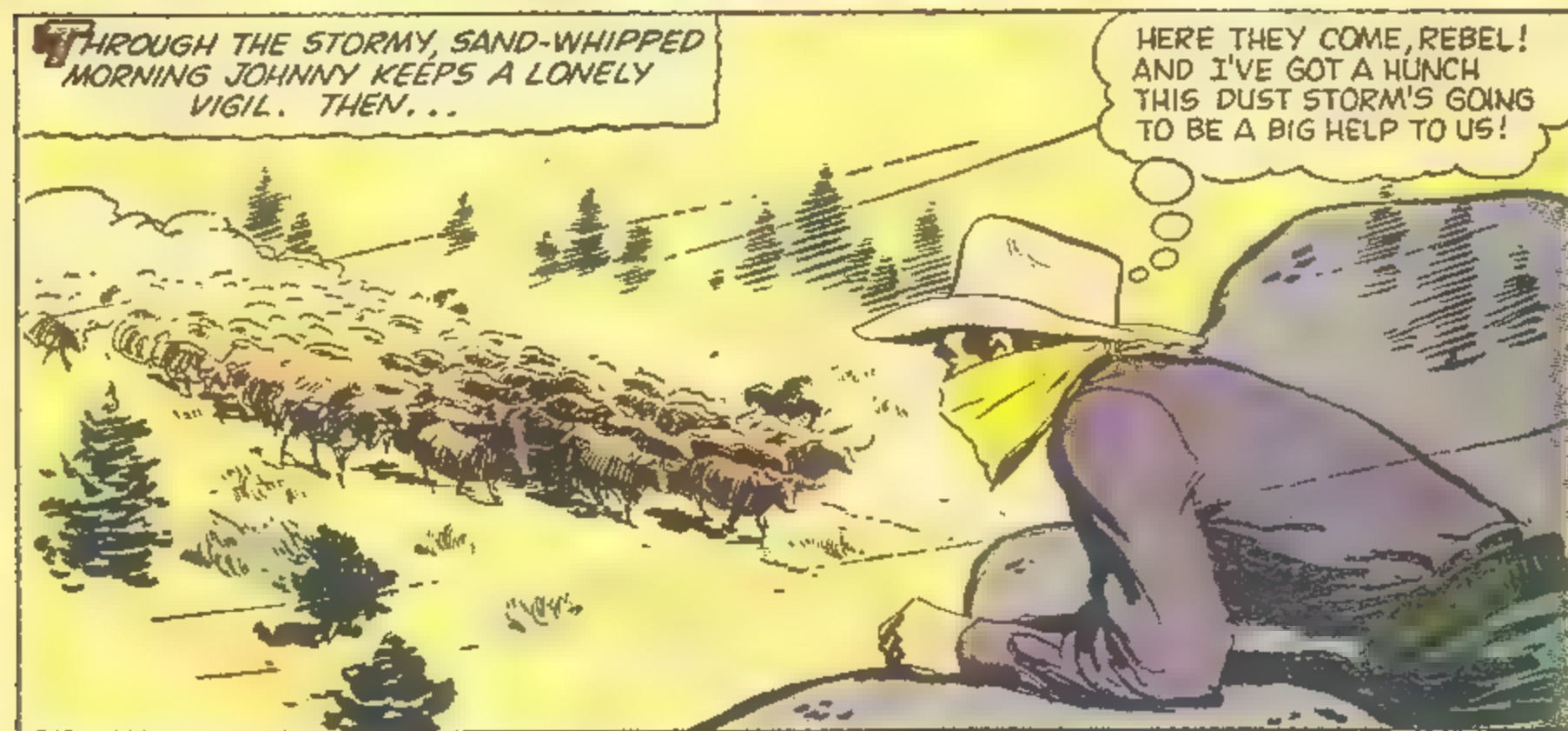
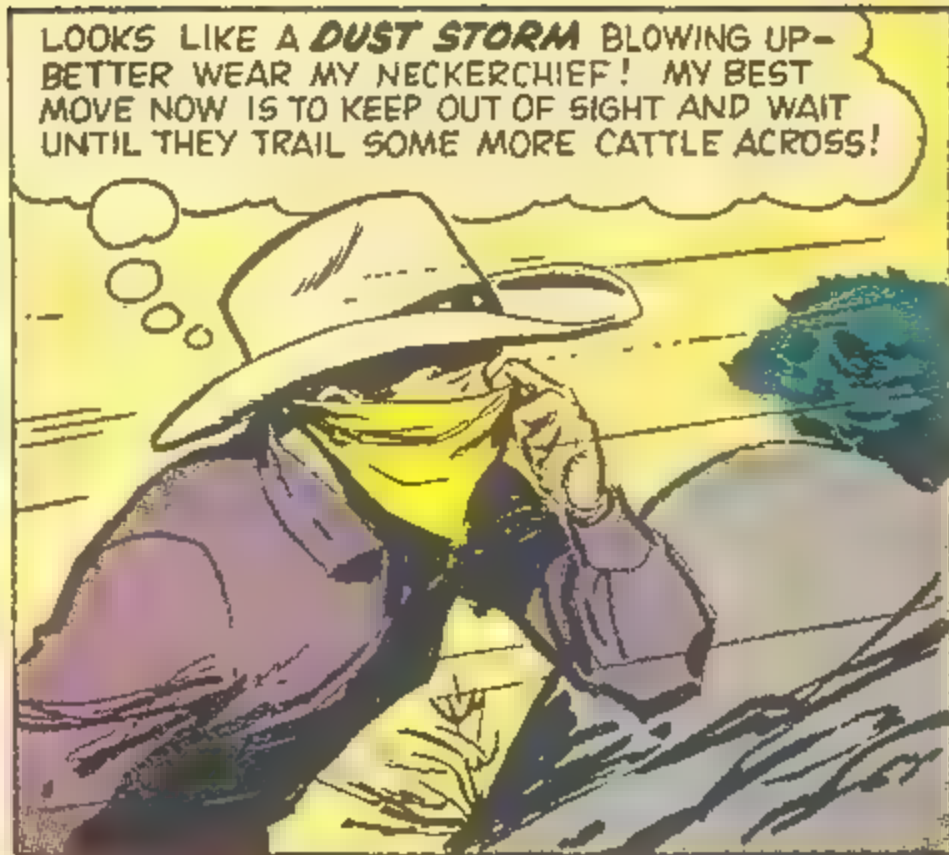
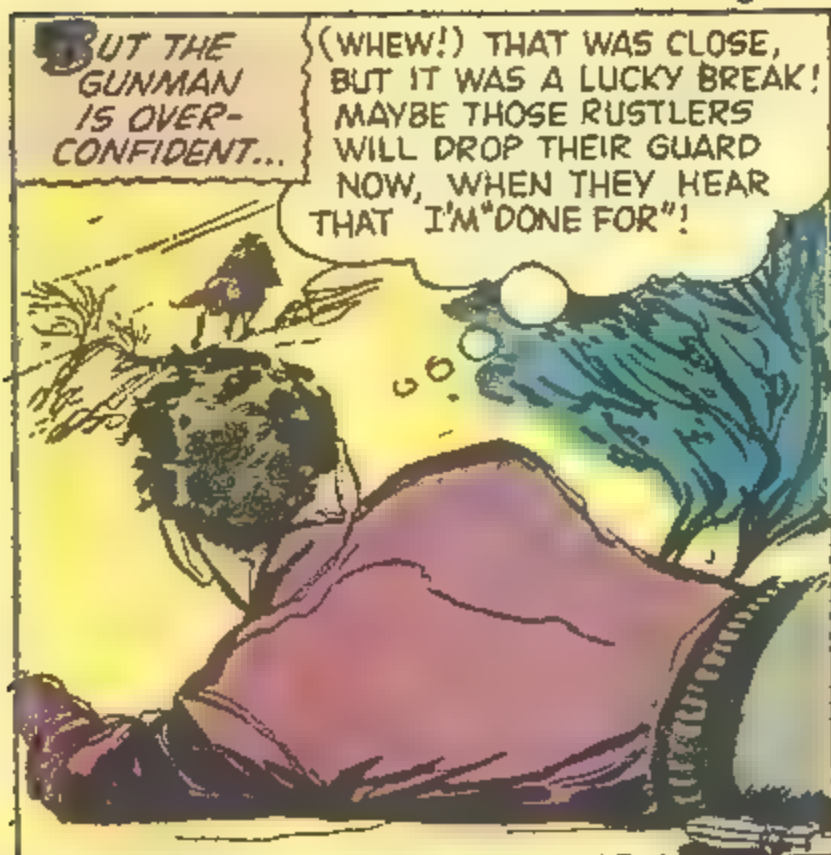


O O-OH

FROM BEHIND A ROCK, A TRIUMPHANT
FACE PEERS OUT...



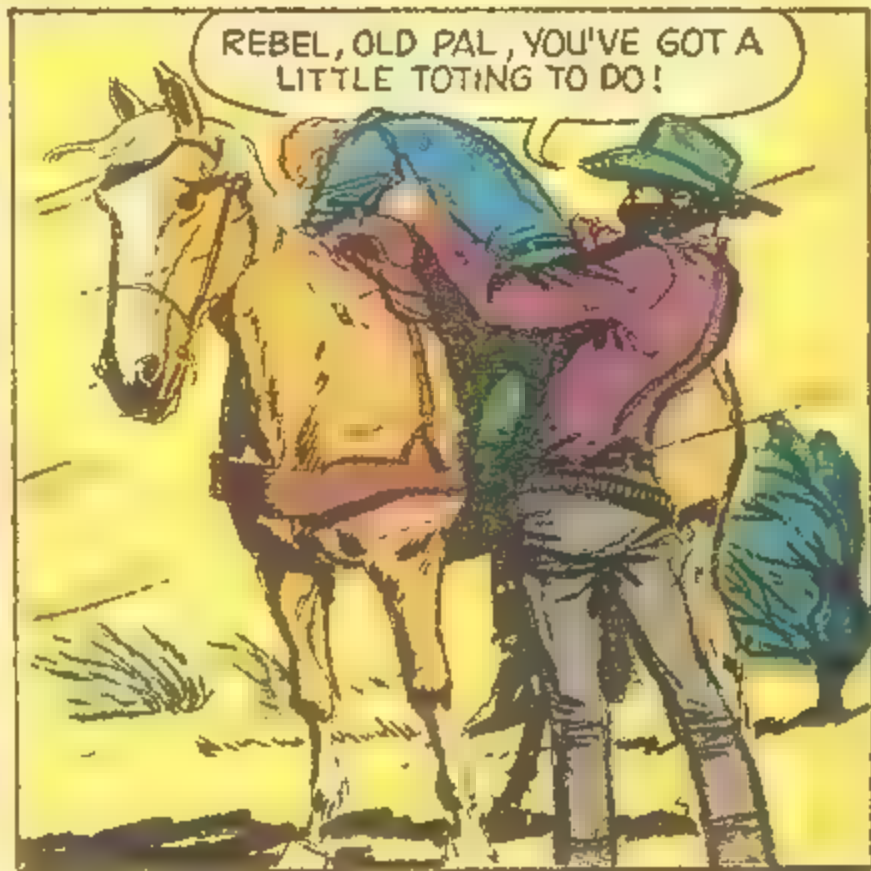
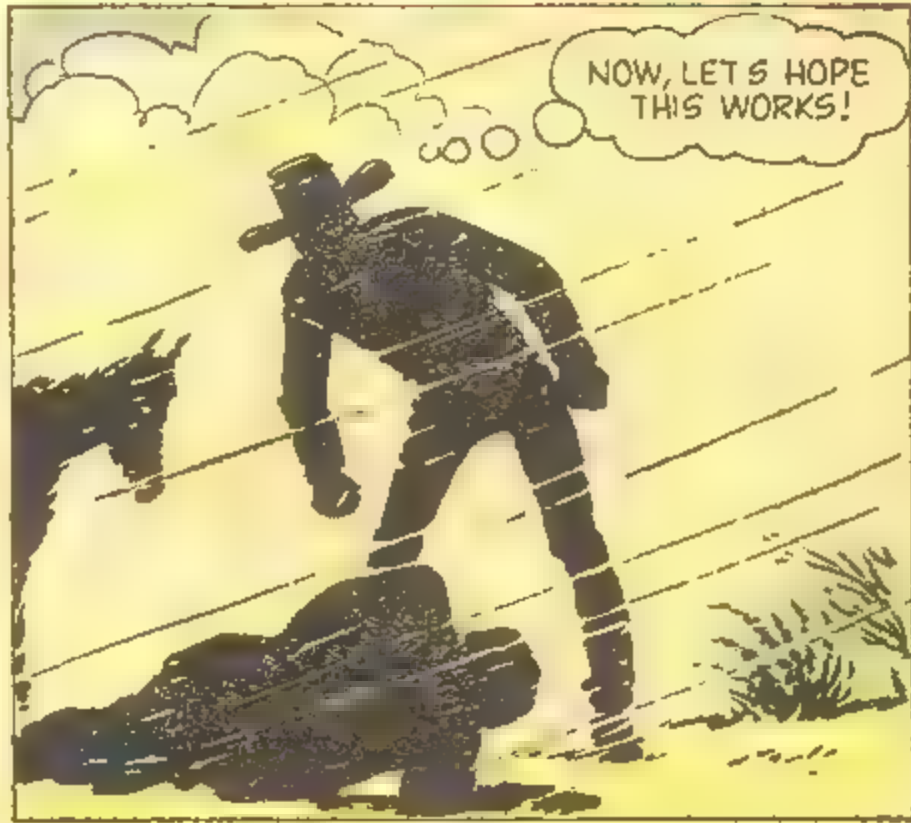
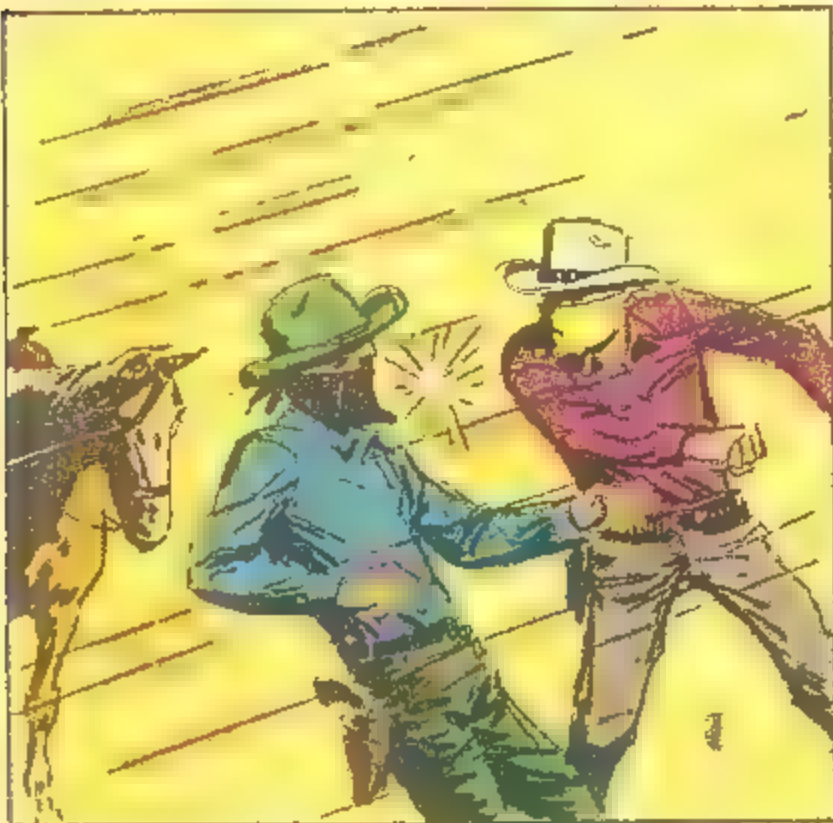
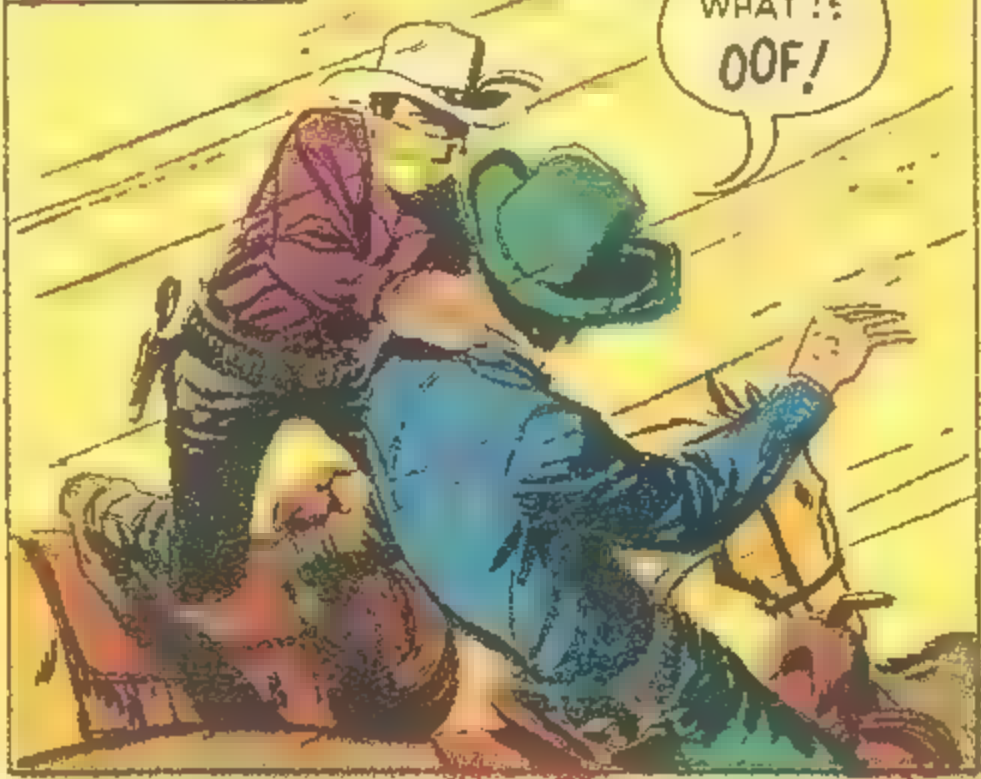
GOT HIM!
ONE SLUG,
AND THE
GREAT
JOHNNY
MACK BROWN
IS FINISHED!
NOW I'VE GOT TO
TELL THE BOSS!

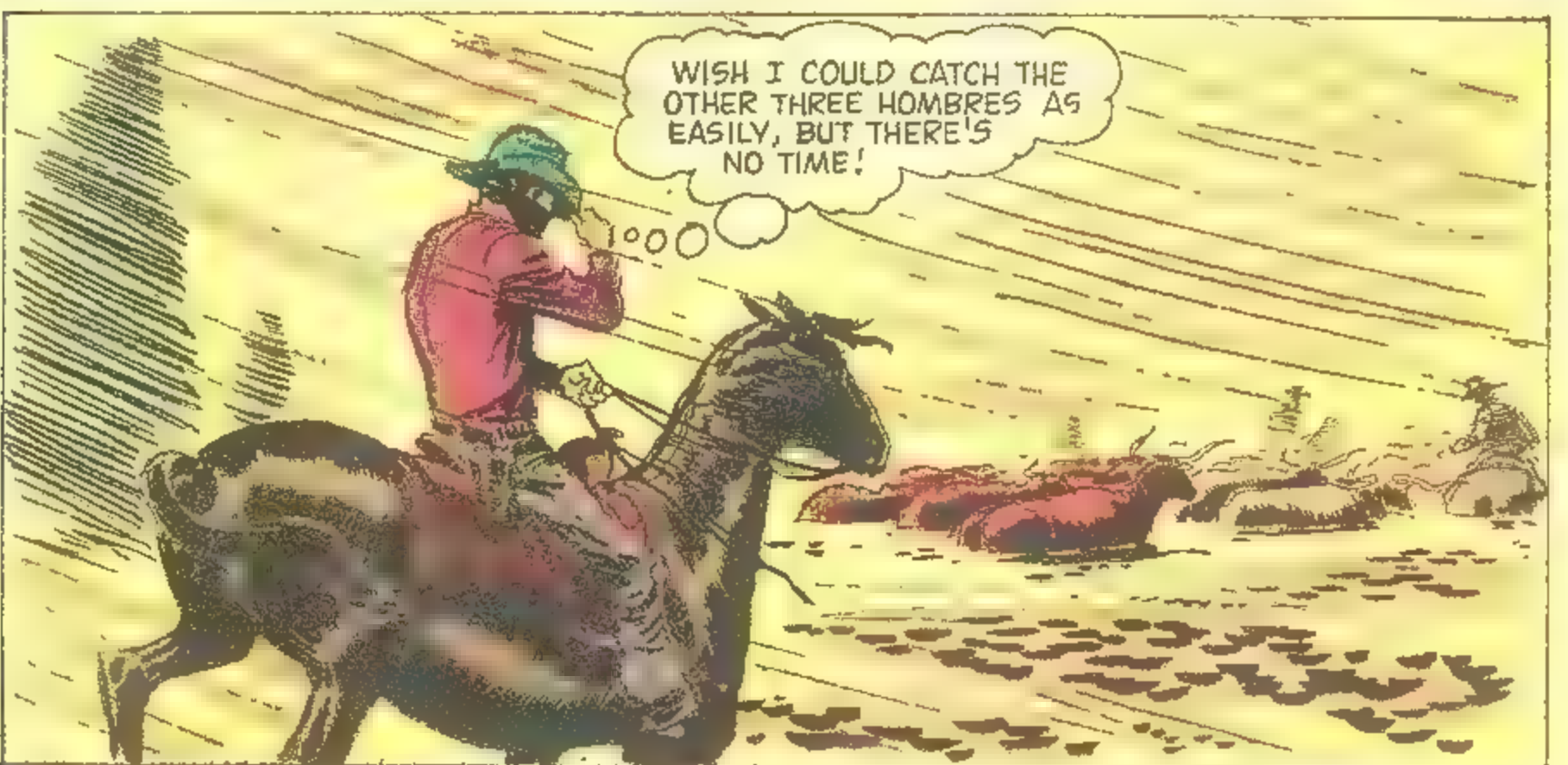
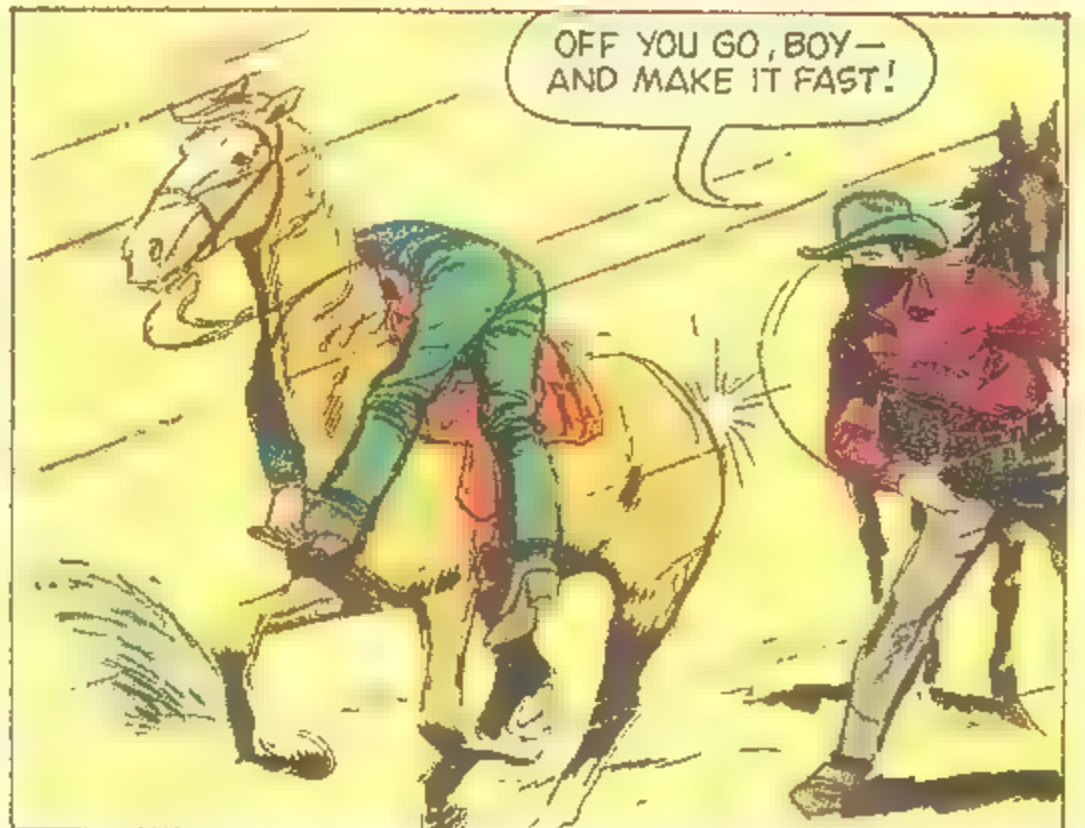
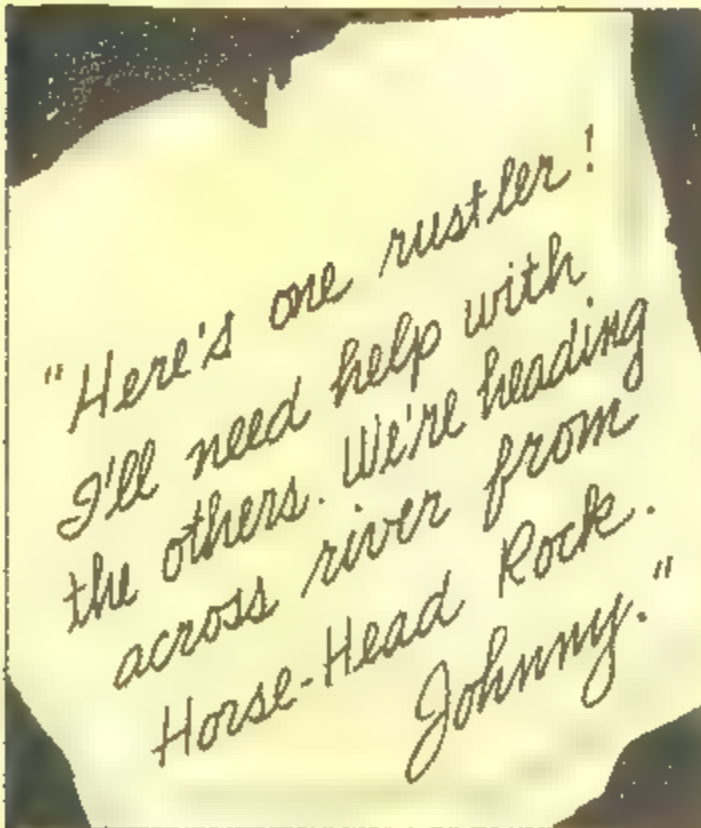
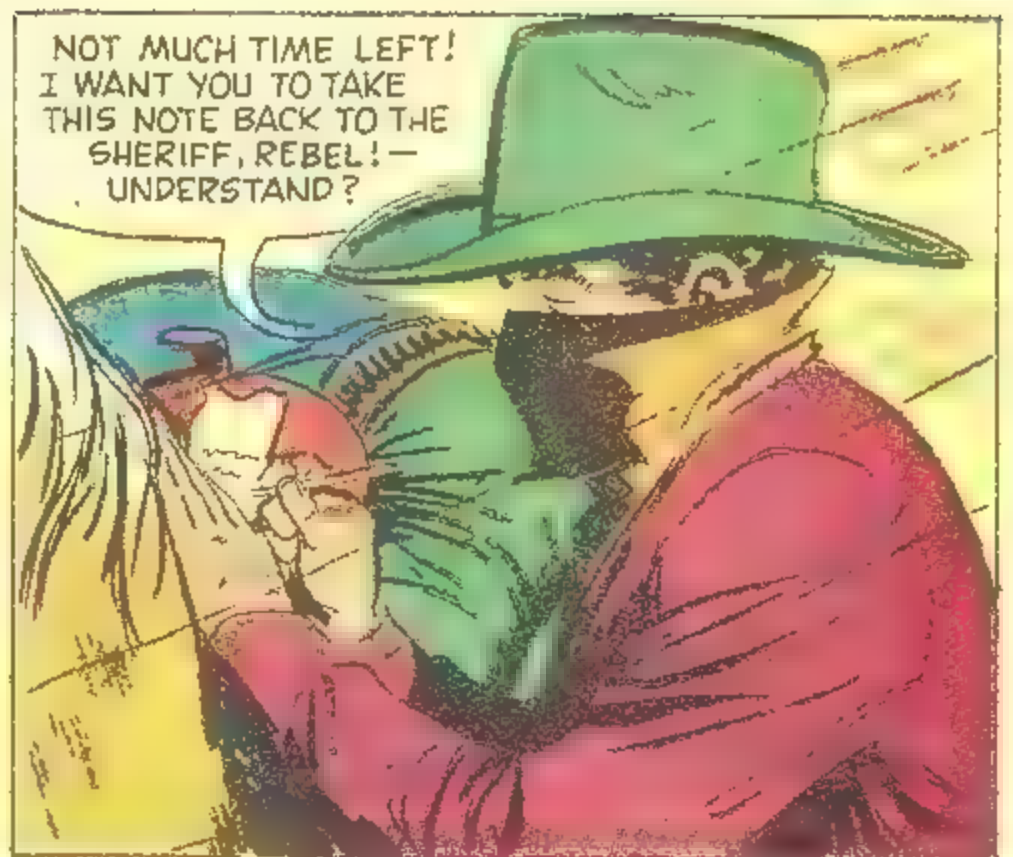
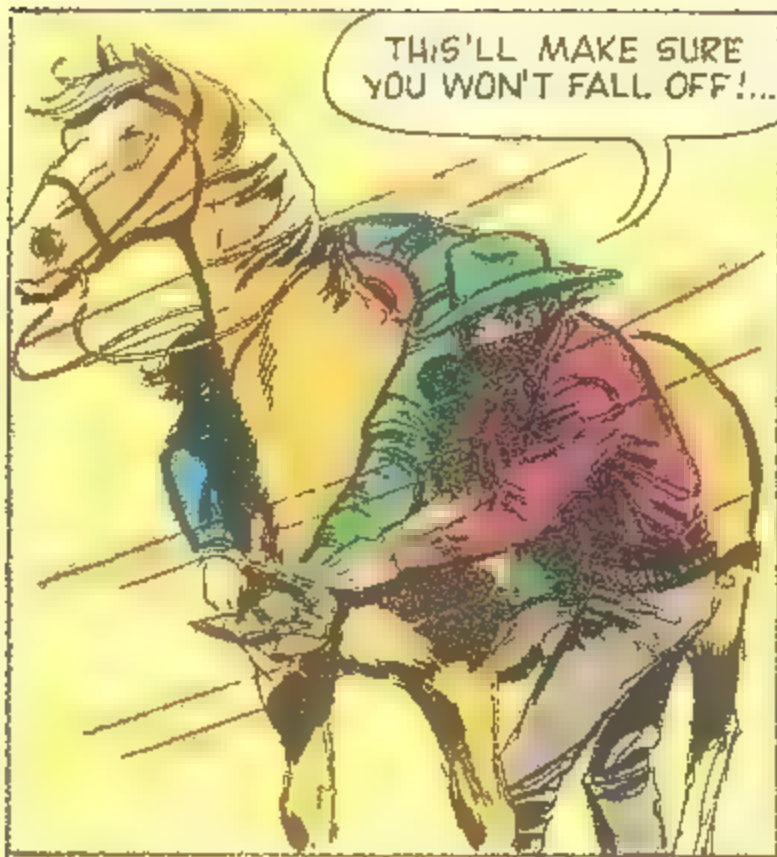


SILENTLY, JOHNNY APPROACHES
THE DRAG-RIDER...



SUDDENLY...







INSIDE THE
FAST CAVE.

KEEP YOUR NECKERCHIEF
UP, RED! THIS BLAMED
SMOKE CAN CHOKE A
MAN TO DEATH!



GET THIS
HEATED UP!
THEN WE'LL
SLOWBRAND
THE
CRITTERS!

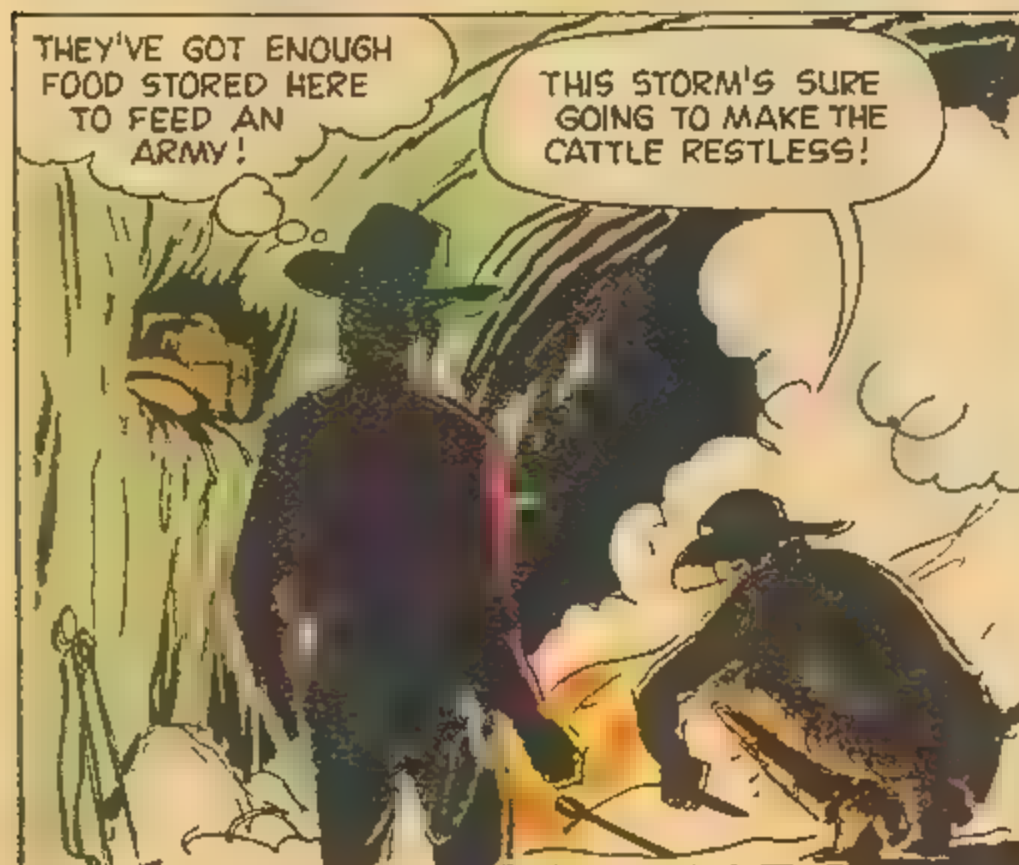


THIS 4-SQUARE SURE
DOES A SWELL JOB
OF BLOTING OUT
THE *OLD* BRANDS!



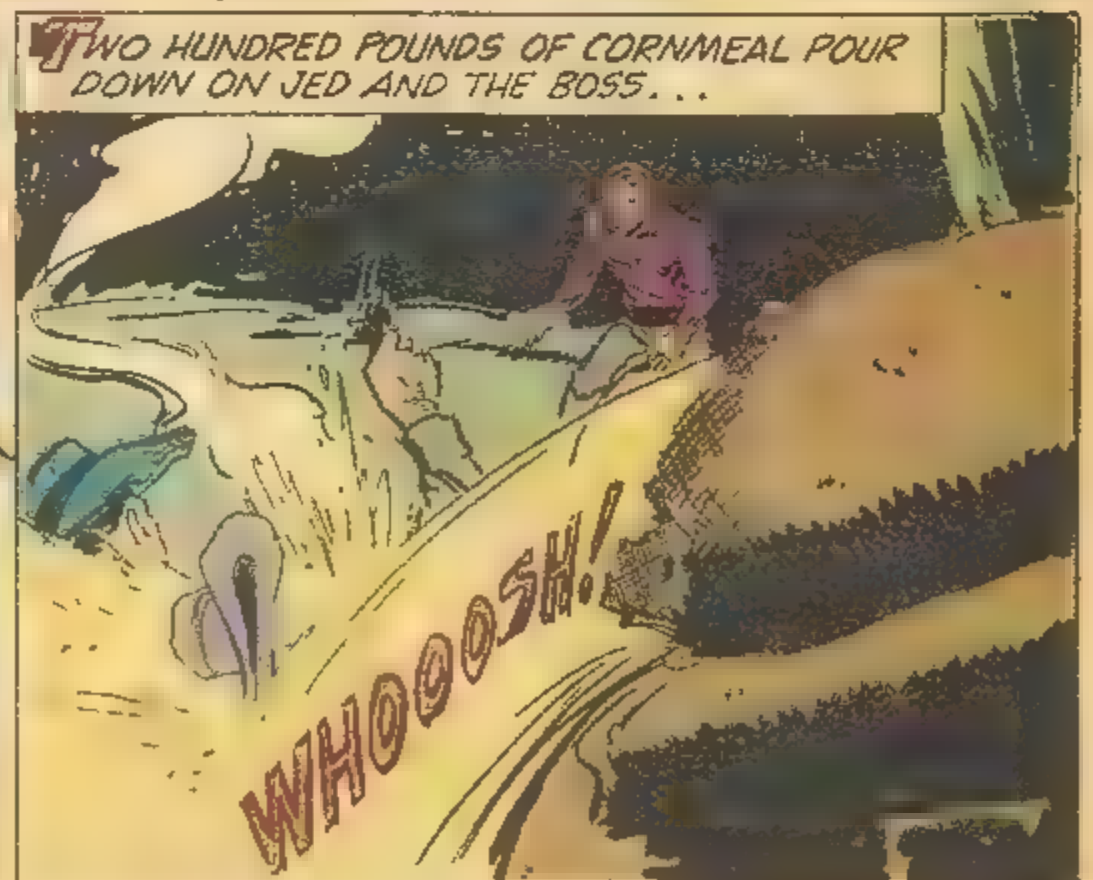
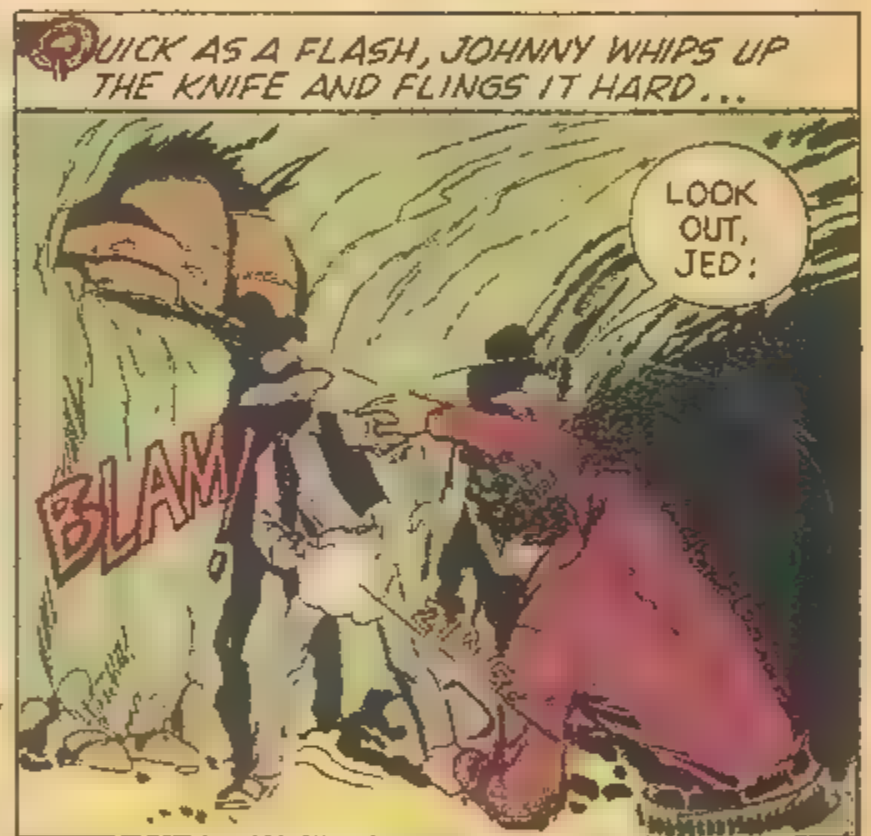
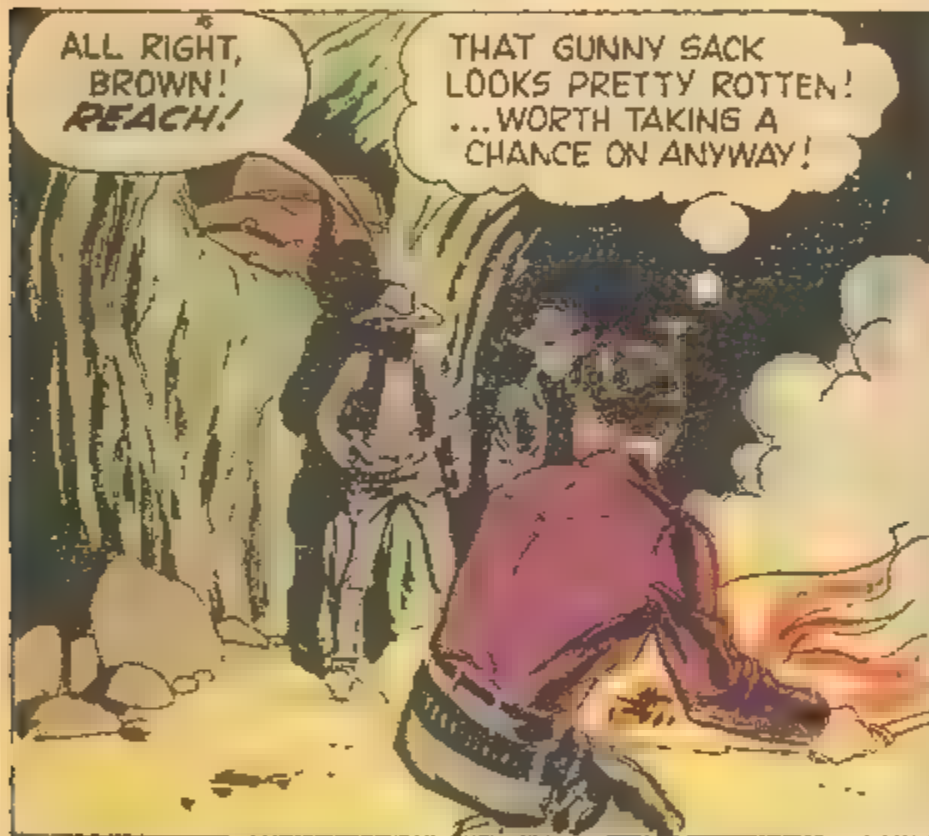
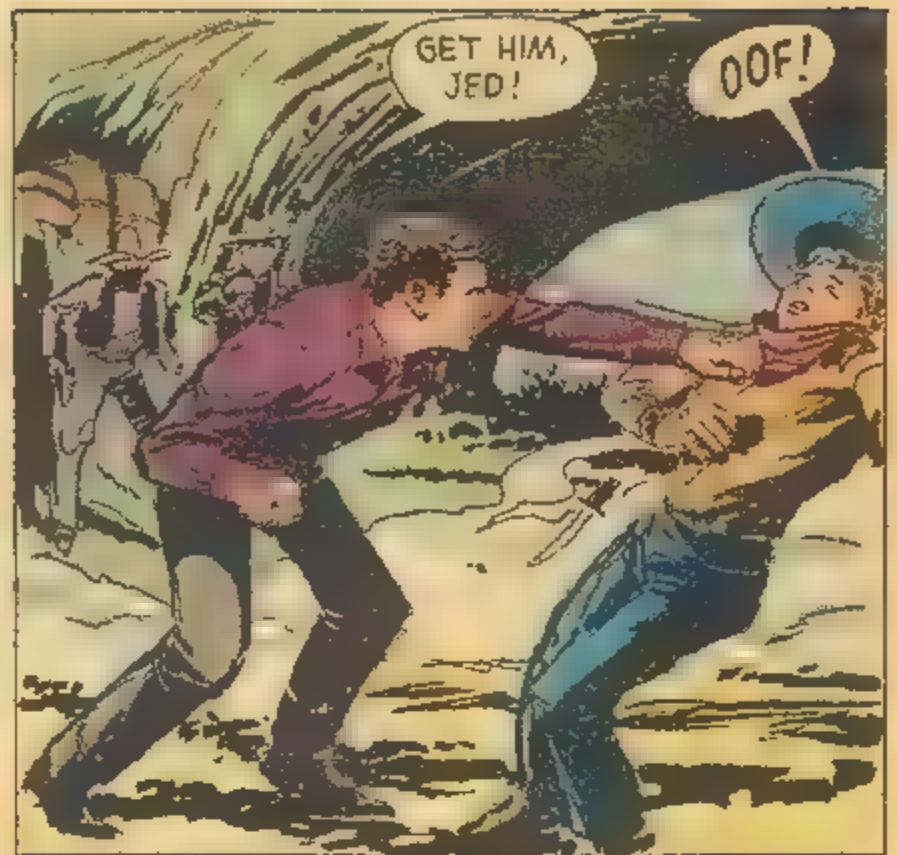
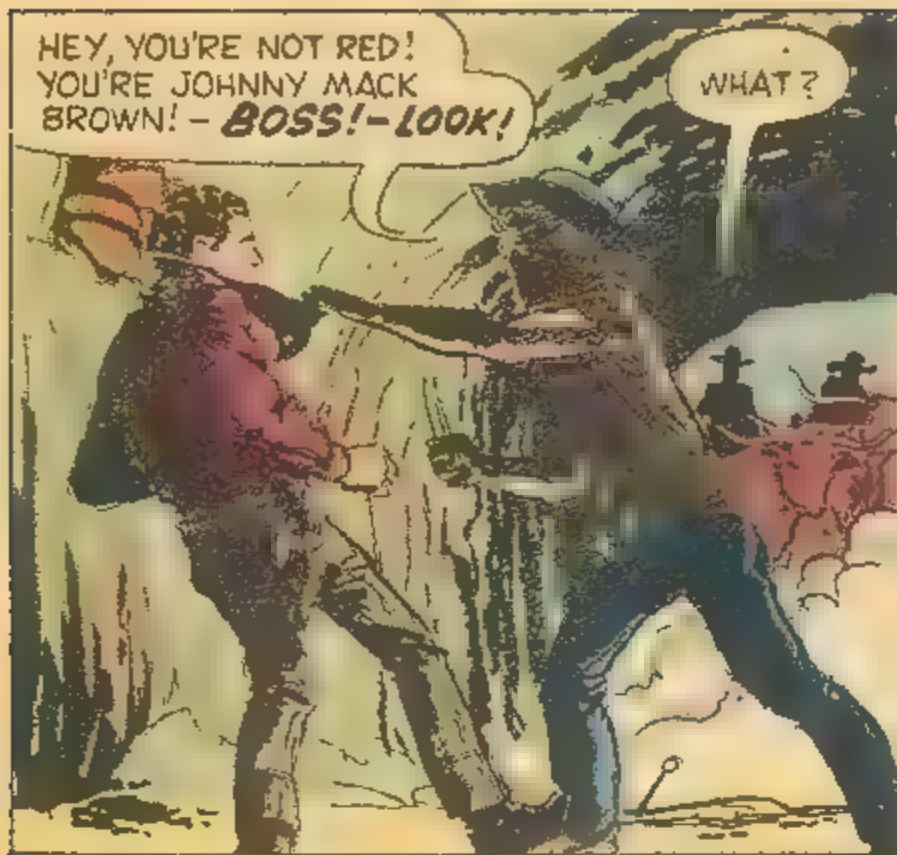
THEY'VE GOT ENOUGH
FOOD STORED HERE
TO FEED AN
ARMY!

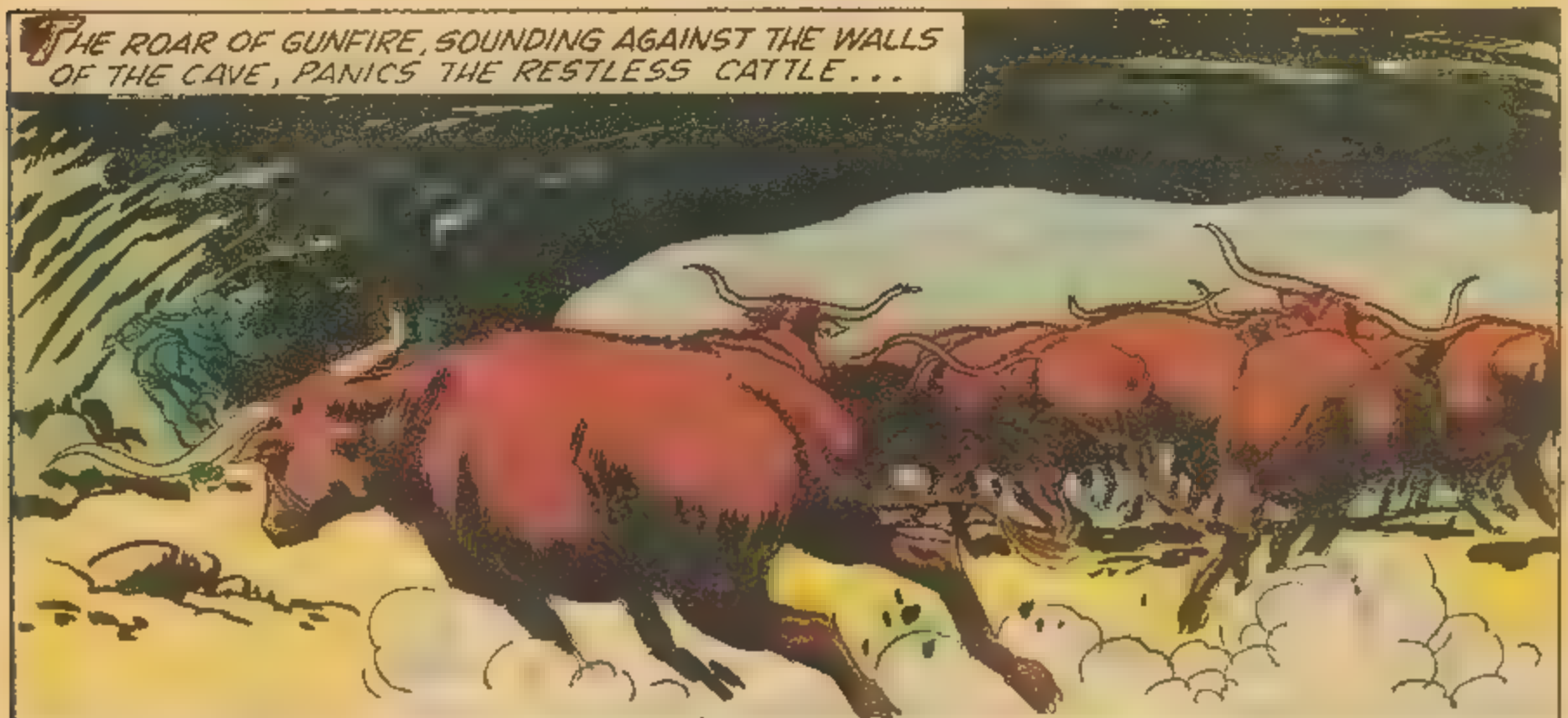
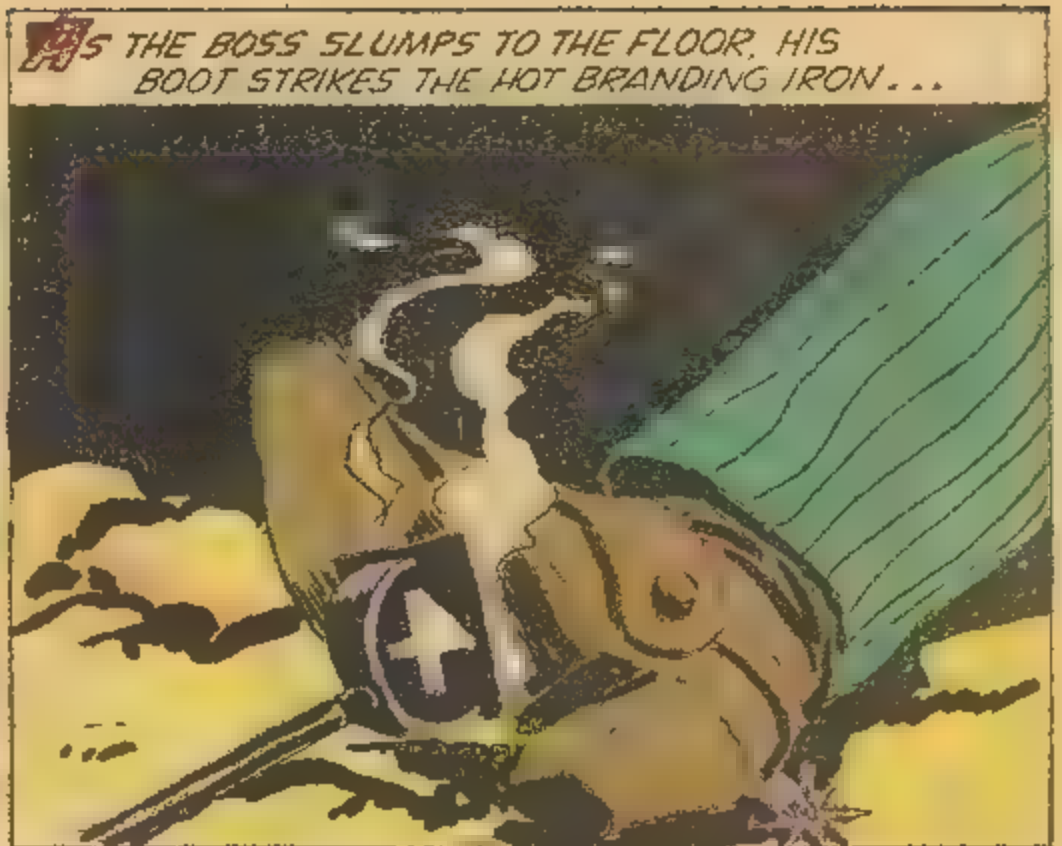
THIS STORM'S SURE
GOING TO MAKE THE
CATTLE RESTLESS!

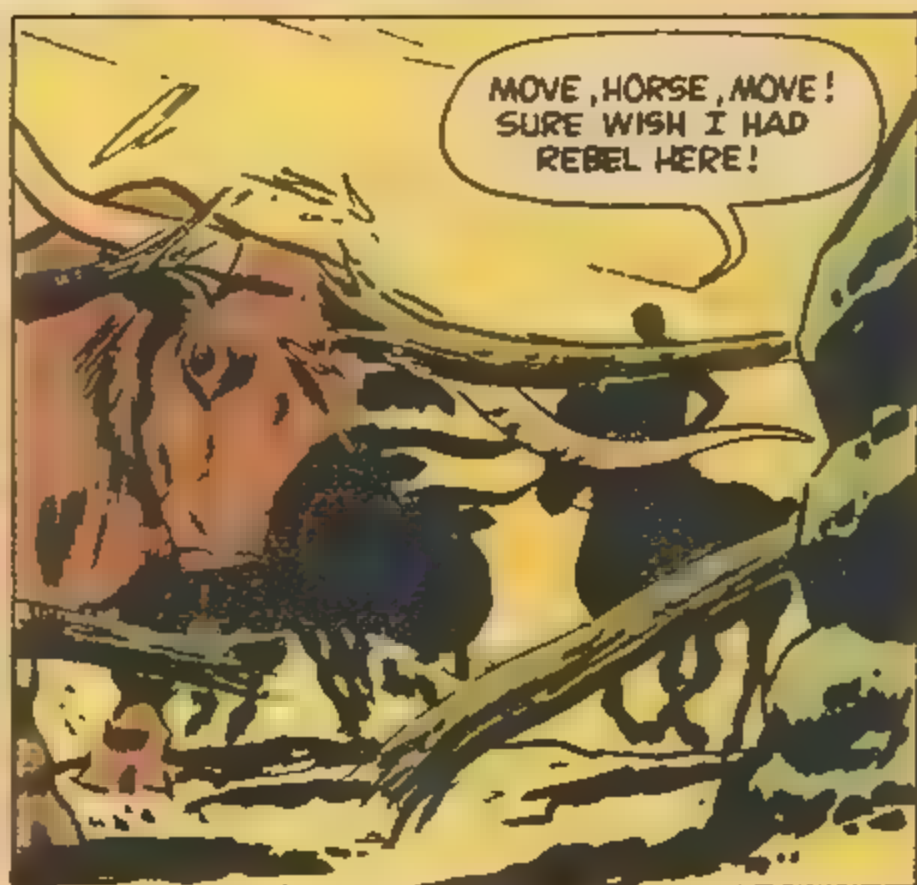
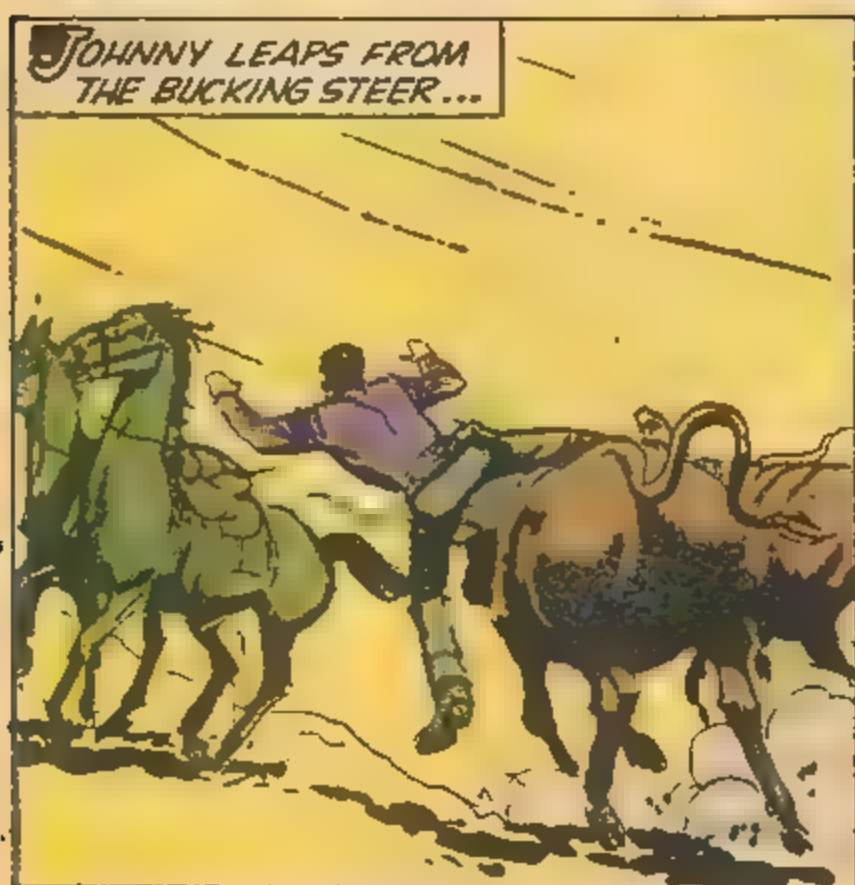
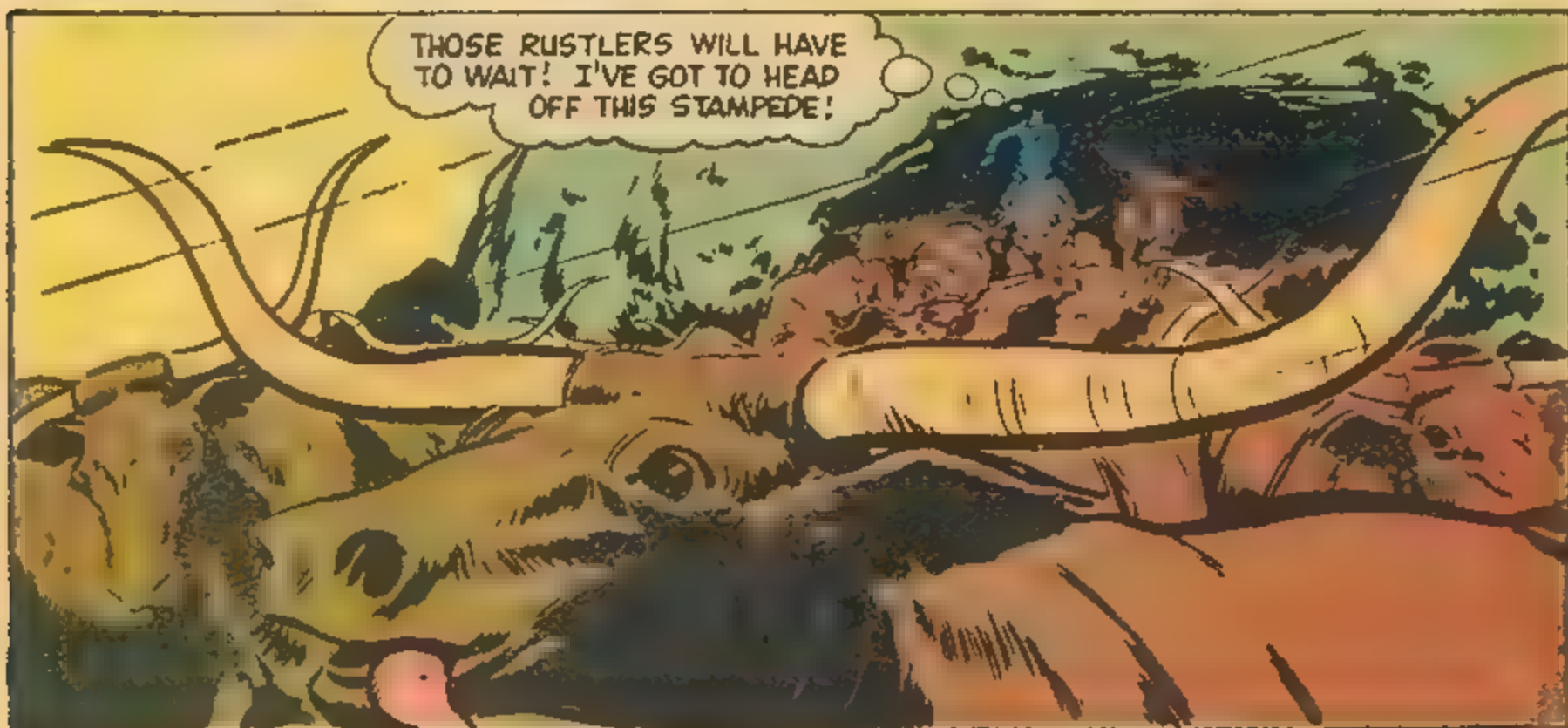


LOOK BUSY, RED! HERE COMES
THE BOSS! — OOPS! SORRY!





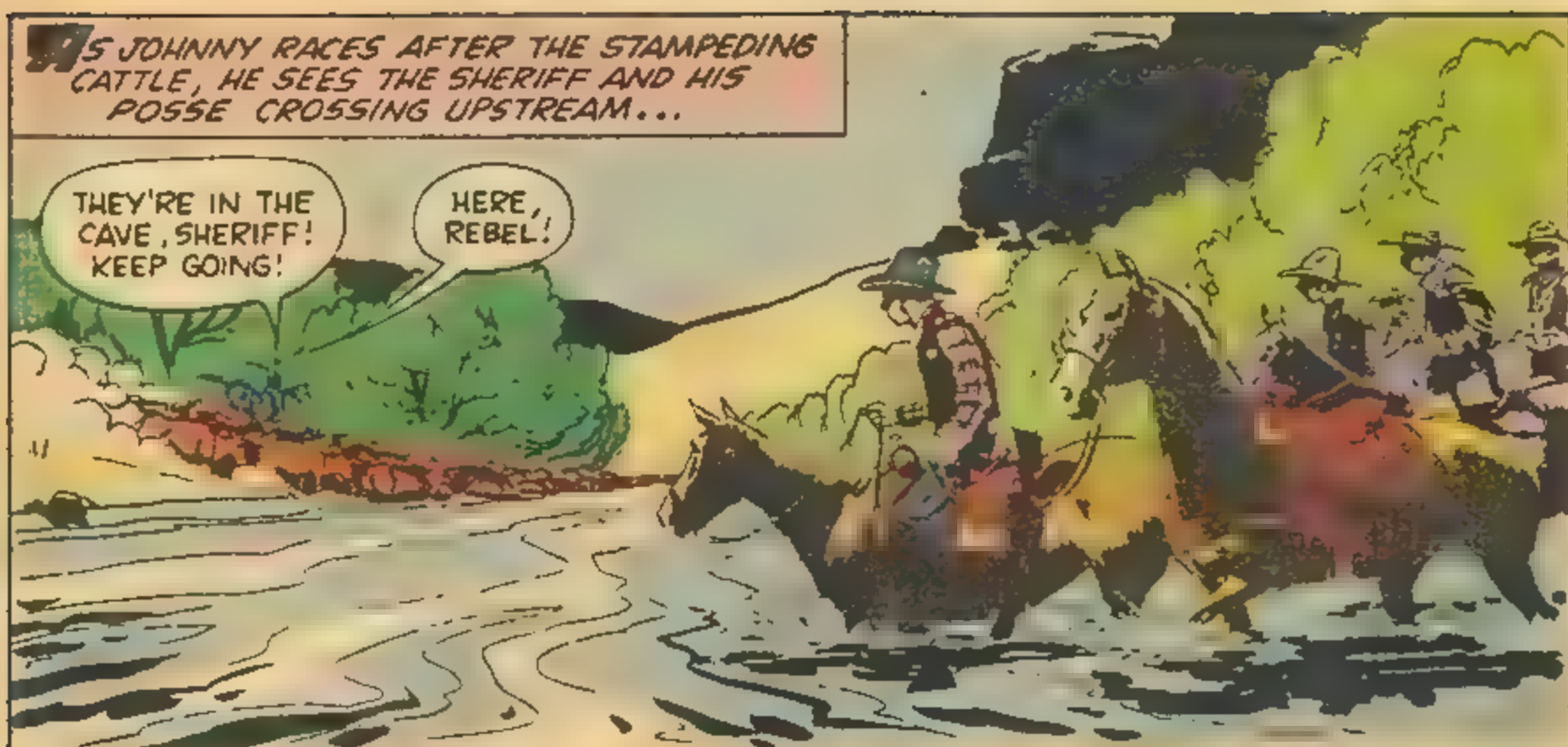




5 JOHNNY RACES AFTER THE STAMPEDING CATTLE, HE SEES THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE CROSSING UPSTREAM...

THEY'RE IN THE CAVE, SHERIFF! KEEP GOING!

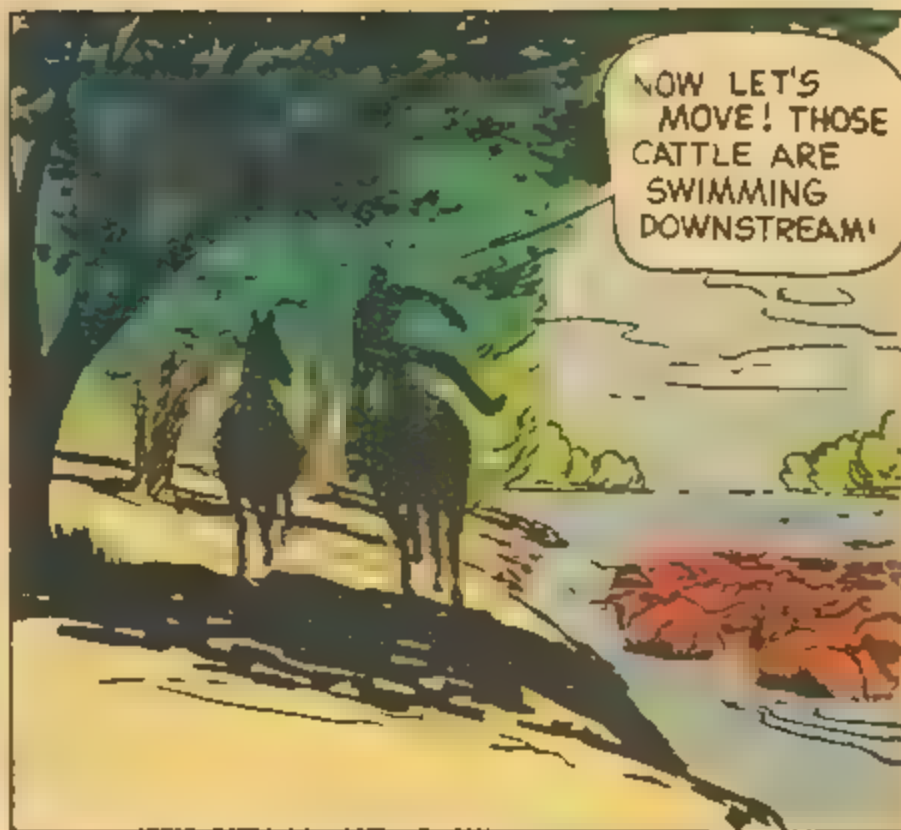
HERE, REBEL!



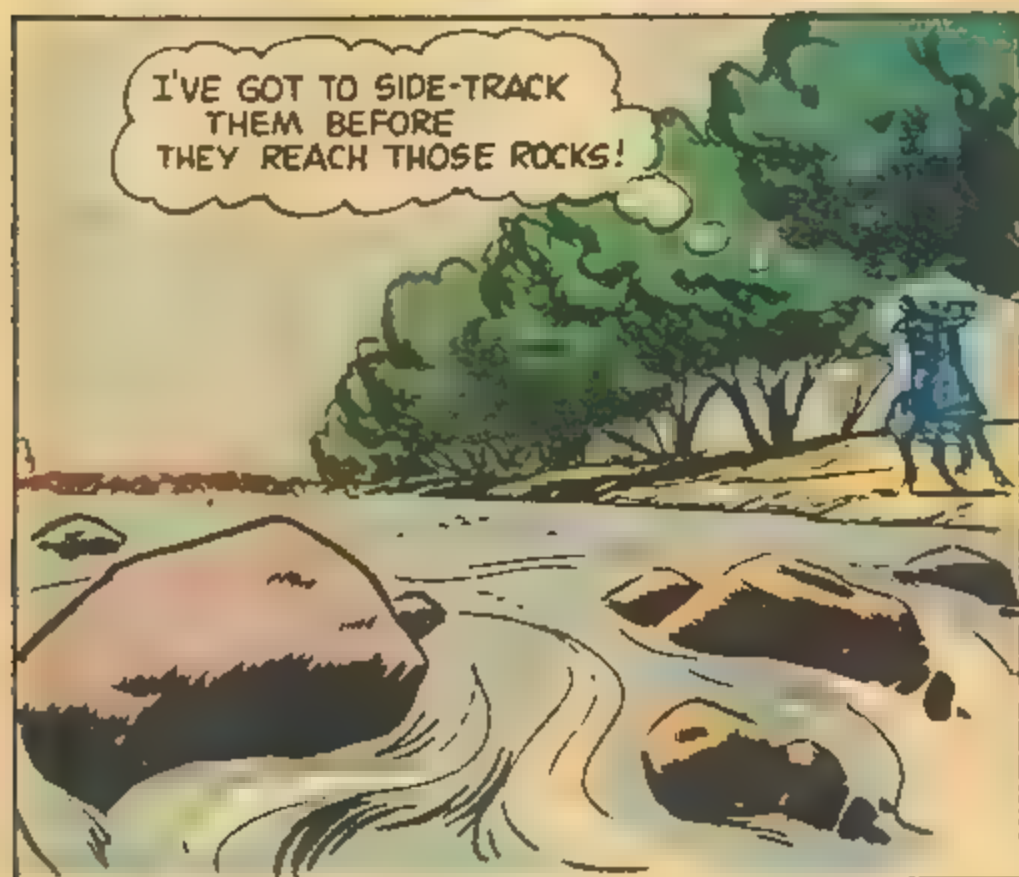
GOOD BOY!...



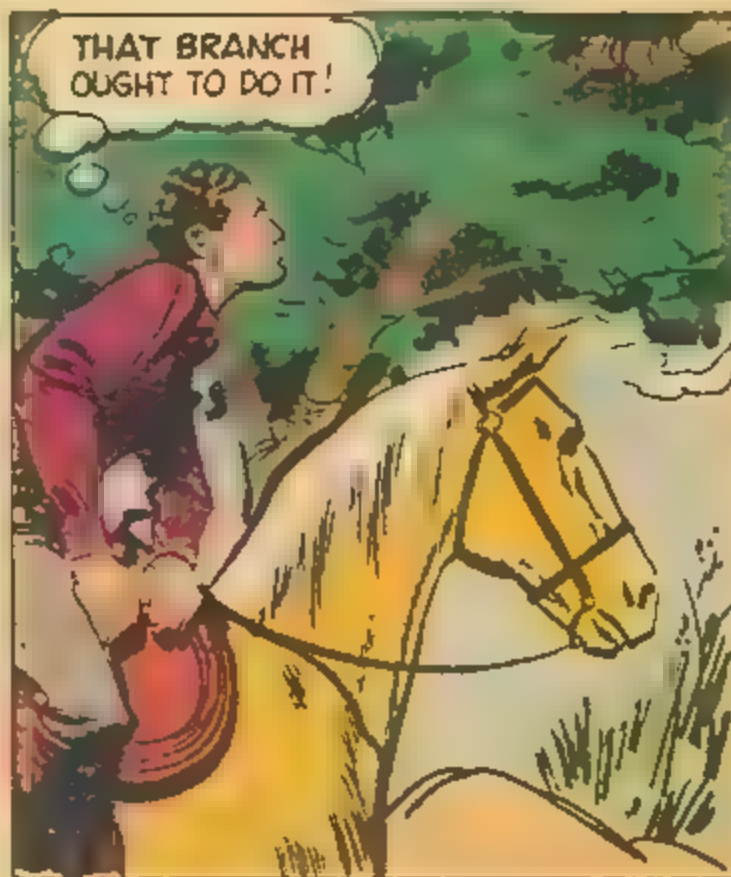
NOW LET'S MOVE! THOSE CATTLE ARE SWIMMING DOWNSTREAM!

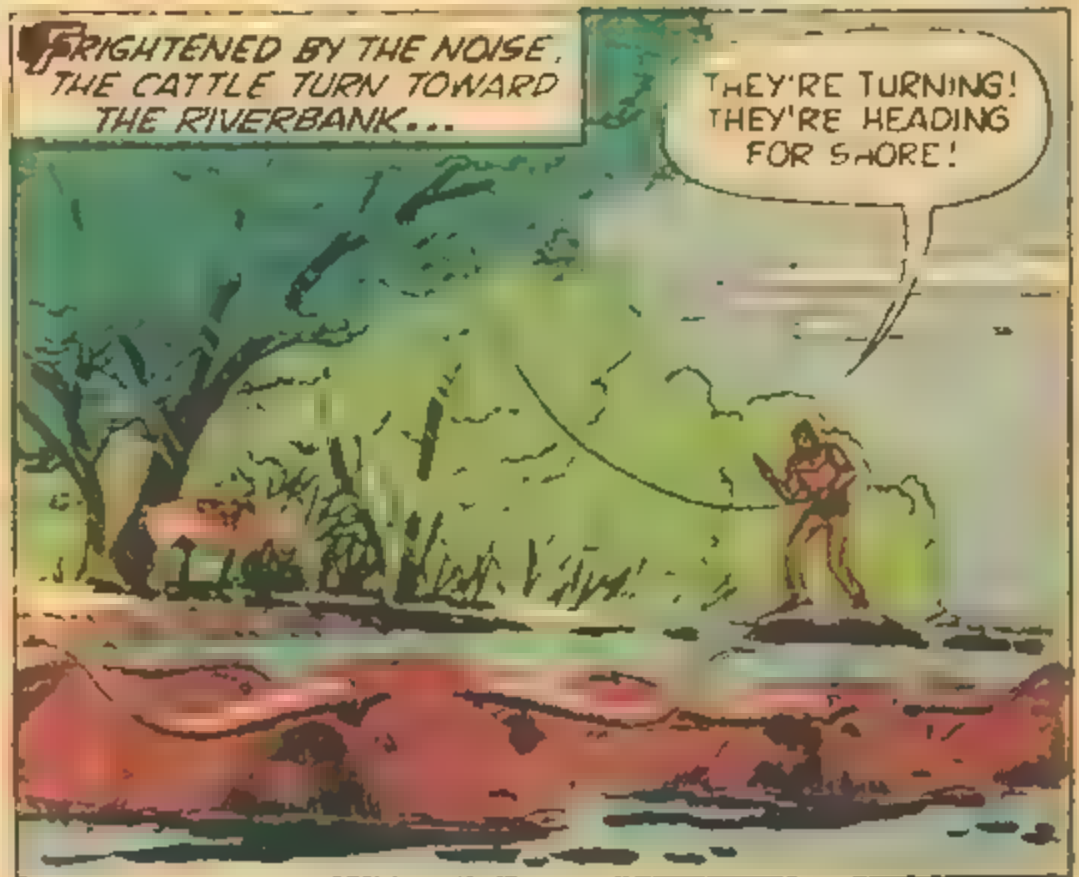


I'VE GOT TO SIDE-TRACK THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THOSE ROCKS!

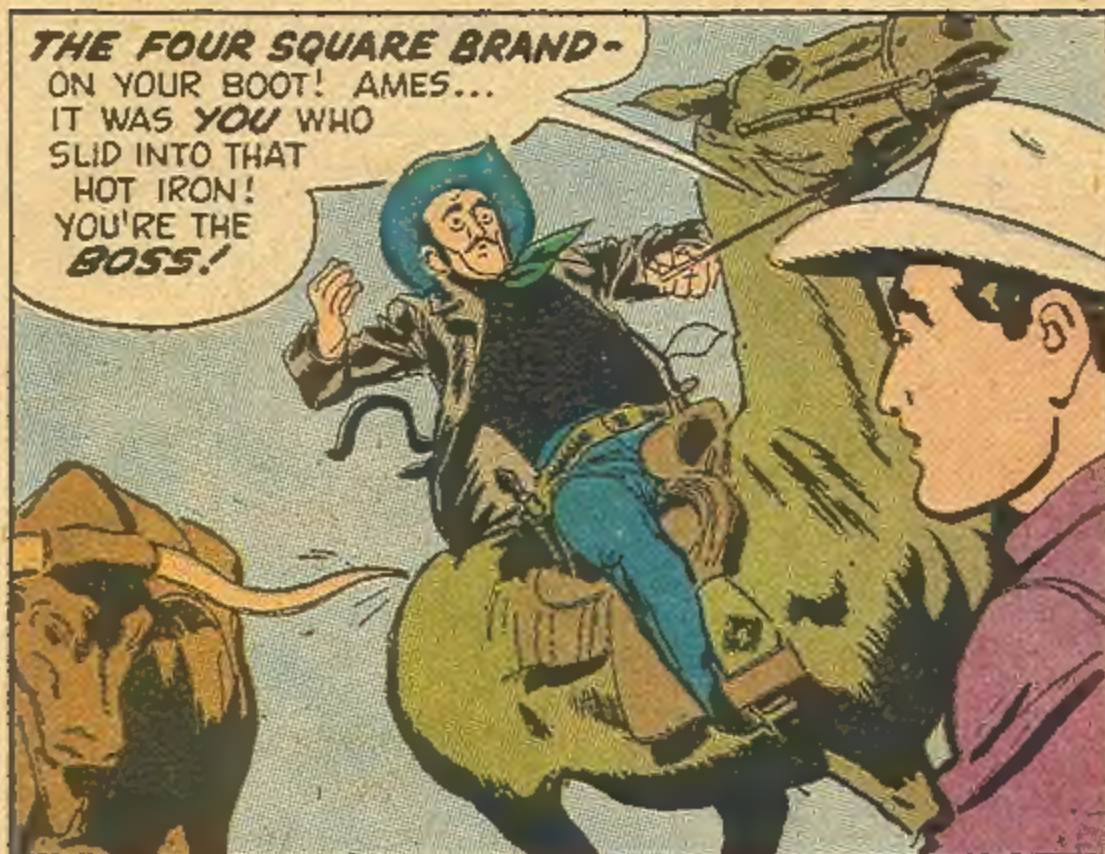


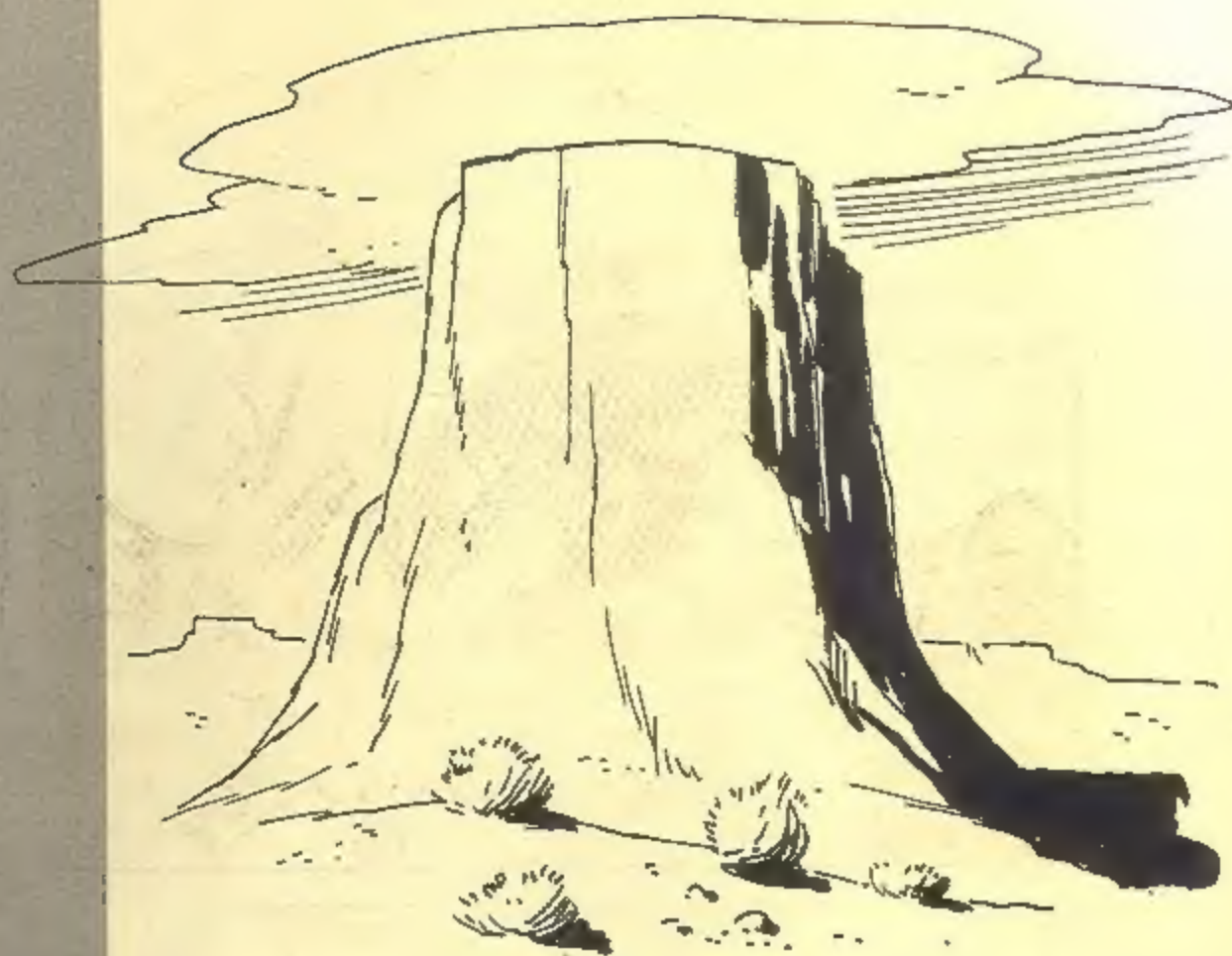
THAT BRANCH OUGHT TO DO IT!











GOOD MEDICINE OF CROW BUTTE

Near old Fort Robinson, Nebraska, the high straight walls of Crow Butte are visible for many miles. According to legend, a band of Crow Indians, being chased by a Sioux war party, was forced to seek the protection of the top of this butte.

The Sioux leader, after placing guards on the few trails leading to the crest of the butte, patiently began to wait till hunger forced the Crows to surrender. But the Crow leader, not to be outdone by the Sioux, collected all the braves' blankets and tied them together, forming a long rope. Then, under the cover of darkness, the Crows descended the sheer one-hundred-foot wall on their blanket rope. A few old men remained on top, singing and dancing all night to hold the attention of the Sioux.

Later, when the Sioux discovered they held only a few old men, they were completely confused. At this moment, some white clouds floated over the top of the butte, and the Sioux, unable to understand the disappearance of the Crow warriors, took these clouds to be a spiritual message of the Crows' strong medicine. When the Crow braves returned with help, they found the Sioux gone and the old warriors unharmed — due to their "good medicine." Later, the Crows made a lasting peace with the Sioux.

